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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

DISHONORABLE PEACE.

From the N. Y. Daily News.

THE passions which the Abolitionists bring to the great question of the day, look out hideously in many of their outcries. The "surrender to rebels" which they utter so often one can very well suppose to be hissed out through clenched teeth. The "disgraceful and infamous compromise" which they denounce they cry out in howls as wild as those of a raging maniac. In keeping with the violence which declared the Constitution a covenant with hell, and which clamored that the South be made a desolation, the devilish passions of the higher law declaim with all the subtlety and more than the venom of a serpent, against what they term "a dishonorable peace." Unlucky indeed is the country whose fate, at the very crisis of its evil fortunes, shall be left subject to the disposal of the infamous faction whose highest counsels and loftiest patriotism are all drawn from the deep malignance of its hates.

A dishonorable peace! These Abolitionists would make a bloody war among brethren a subject of all the delicate punctilio of the duello! They sit in the dress-circle in all the magnificence of shoddy-diamonds; and look upon the spectacle of blood with a zest like that with which the Patricians of the days of the decline of ancient Rome looked on and applauded in the circus the deadly struggles of the gladiators! A delightful battle is such a treat in the morning papers! A charming assault makes the telegraph such a cure for *ennui!* An exquisite bombardment is such a rare luxury in the interval between Saratoga and up-town reunions, that all the vulgar grandees of the high life which has so lately been below stairs, are in great horror of a dishonorable——peace! And shoddy will suffer; spavined horses will have lost their market; adulterated drugs will be cast to the dogs; bad bread, piny-flour, junk-beef, transparent blankets, water-logged gunboats, and all those other delightful episodes of war, will have become not only flat and stale but unprofitable! Pray, do not stop the war: a murrain to the advocates of a "dishonorable" peace!

The soldier regards with a very just contempt, the war-making civilian. Carrying his life to the bristling breastwork, the deadly breach, or the murderous picket line, he, poor fellow, is no stickler for *sentimental* peace. Many and many a gallant soul who this moment crouches like a wild beast in the "pits" covering Grant's front, would gladly employ a safe opportunity to settle the account of passion which he owes the cowardly factionists that would hound him on to death, while they dallied with peace as a subject of false feeling. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, if he should address a line of battle behind the breastworks of Petersburg, on the subtleties of peace-making-honor, would close his speech with a bullet in his reverend heart.

"Dishonorable" peace is a very different thing in the pulpit, the press, the parlor, from what it is at the mouth of a cannon. The soldier in the field is, forsooth, not so well able to judge of the proprieties involved in saving his life, as the Editor, or the Preacher, or the shoddy contractor is of those involved in losing it. The smell of villainous saltpetre, the ugly flash of a levelled bayonet, an atmosphere hissing with minies or screaming with shells, destroy all the sensibilities necessary for a just appreciation of the Peace that comports with "honor." These delicate perceptions are born of fat contracts, of political intrigues, of Abolition ordinations; and, nursed in easy chairs, gambling on rich carpets, growing into maturity at the opera and the ball, are the only orthodox sources for determining all the punctilio of the bloody duello of fraternal massacre!

SPEECH OF JEFF. DAVIS AT MACON.

From the Daily Macon Telegraph and Confederate, Sept. 24.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: It would have gladdened my heart to have met you in prosperity instead of adversity. But friends are drawn together in adversity. The son of a Georgian, who fought through the first Revolution, I would be untrue to myself if I should forget the State in her day of peril. What though misfortune has befallen our arms from Decatur to Jonesboro, our cause is not lost. Sherman cannot keep up his long line of communication; and retreat, sooner or later, he must; and when that day comes the fate that befel the army of the French empire in its retreat from Moscow will be reacted. Our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon; and the Yankee General, like him, will escape with only a body-guard. How can this be the most speedily effected? By the absentees of Hood's army returning to their posts; and will they not? Can they see the banished exiles; can they hear the wail of their suffering countrywomen and children and not come? By what influences they are made to stay it is not necessary to speak. If there is one who will stay away at this hour he is unworthy of the name of Georgian. To the women no appeal is necessary. They are like the Spartan mothers of old. I know of one who has lost all her sons, except one of 8 years. She wrote that she wanted me to reserve a place for him in the ranks. The venerable Gen. Polk, to whom I read the letter, knew that woman well, and said it was characteristic of her; but I will not weary you by turning aside to relate the various incidents of giving up the last son to the cause of our country, known to me. Wherever we go we find the hearts and hands of our noble women enlisted. They are seen wherever the eye may fall or the step turn. They have one duty to perform; to buoy up the hearts of the people. I know the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at our army falling back from Dalton to the interior of our State. But I was not of those who considered Atlanta lost when our army crossed the Chattahoochie. I resolved that it should not, and then I put a man in command who I knew would strike a manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was made to nourish the soil before the prize was won. It does not become us to revert to disaster. Let the dead bury the dead. Let us, with one arm and one effort, endeavor to crush Sherman. I am going to the army to confer with our Generals. The end must be the defeat of our enemy. It has been said that I abandoned Georgia to her fate. Shame upon such falsehood. Where could the author have been when Walker, when Polk, and when Gen. Stephen D. Lee were sent to her assistance. Miserable man. The man who uttered this was a scoundrel. He was not a man to save our country. If I knew that a General did not possess the right qualities to command, would I not be wrong if he was not removed? Why, when our army was falling back from Northern Georgia, I even heard that I had sent Bragg with pontoons to cross it to Cuba. But we must be charitable. The man who can speculate ought to be made to take up his musket. When the war is over and our independence won—and we will establish our independence—who will be our aristocracy? I hope the limping soldier. To the young ladies I would say that, when choosing between an empty sleeve and the man who had remained at home and grown rich, always take the empty sleeve. Let the old men remain at home and make bread. But should they know of any young man keeping away from the service, who cannot be made to go any other way, let them write to the Executive. I read all letters sent me from the people, but have not time to reply to them. You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left. The boys, God bless the boys, are, as rapidly as they become old enough, going to the field. The city of Macon is filled with stores, sick and wounded. It must not be abandoned when threatened, but when the enemy come, instead of calling upon Hood's army for defence, the old men must fight, and when the enemy is driven beyond Chattanooga, they too can join in the general rejoicing. Your prisoners are kept as a sort of Yankee capital. I have heard that one of their Generals said that their exchange would defeat Sherman. I have tried every means, conceded everything to effect an exchange, but to no purpose. Butler, the beast, with whom no Commissioner of Exchange would hold intercourse, had published in the newspapers that if we would consent to the exchange of negroes, all difficulties might be removed. This is reported as an effort of his to get himself whitewashed by holding intercourse with gentlemen. If an exchange could be effected, I don't know but that I might be induced to recognize Butler. But in the future every effort will be given, as far as possible, to effect the end. We want our soldiers in the field, and we want the sick and wounded to return home. It is not proper for me to speak of the number of men in the field, but this I will say, that two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave. The man who repents and goes back to his commander voluntarily, appeals strongly to executive clemency. But suppose he stays away until the war is over, and his comrades return home, and when every man's history will be told, where will he shield himself. It is upon these reflections that I rely to make men return to their duty, but after conferring with our Generals at headquarters, if there be no other remedy it shall be applied. I love my friends, and I forgive my enemies. I have been asked to send reënforcements from Virginia to Georgia. In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia. Then I have been asked why the army sent to the Shenandoah Valley was not sent here. It was because an army of the enemy had penetrated that valley to the very gates of Lynchburg, and Gen. Early was sent to drive them back. This he not only successfully did, but, crossing the Potomac, came well nigh capturing Washington itself, and forced Grant to send two corps of his army to protect it. This the enemy denominated a raid. If so, Sherman's march into Georgia is a raid. What would prevent them now, if Early was withdrawn, from taking Lynchburg, and putting a complete cordon of men around Richmond. I counselled with that great and grave soldier, Gen. Lee, upon all these points. My mind roamed over the whole field. With this we can succeed. If one-half the men now absent without leave will return to duty, we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front. I may not realize this hope, but I know there are men there who have looked death in the face too often to despond now. Let no one despond. Let no one distrust, and remember that if genius is the beau ideal, hope is the reality.

A FREE CANVASS AND A FAIR ELECTION.

From the New York Daily News.

A COTEMPORARY, in allusion to the suppression of the Baltimore *Evening Post*, for no other cause than that, as a Democratic journal, it stood between Mr. Lincoln and his political aspirations, asks: "Does Mr. Lincoln think this decent, manly or just? Is this the sort of respect shown for the Constitution of the United States?" We are surprised that any of our cotemporaries should appeal to Mr. Lincoln's decency, manliness or justice for protection against fraud and violence during this political campaign. The appeal must be made to the people to protect themselves. As surely as fraud and violence *have* been used by the Federal Executive to control the elective franchise, so surely *will* it be used, just so far as the people permit it. Apathy and endurance at this crisis will amount to an abject relinquishment of the virtue of popular suffrage. Mr. Lincoln has proved at every stage of his administration that he is utterly heedless of constitutional obligations. At the State elections in Maryland and Deleware, the interference of Federal soldiery, acting under orders from the Administration, was so open, bold and subversive of the principles of the elective franchise, that an armed resistance on the part of that down-trodden people would have been justified by the meekest advocate of republican liberty. We published at the time a full exposition of the outrages committed, embodied in the sworn statement of the judges of election. It excited no considerable attention then, for it seemed that the people had lost all conception of the sanctity of the rights so violated. We trust that now they have awakened to a sense of their peril, and to an appreciation of what is necessary to avert it. If Federal soldiers are ordered to offer an armed opposition to the freedom of this discussion in this campaign, the citizens should constitute themselves soldiery for the nonce, and meet violence with counter violence. One or two blows well struck, and with determination to follow them up if necessary, will end the evil. There is no other way. To quote the Constitution to Mr. Lincoln would be as serviceable as quoting Scripture to the devil. The appeal must be made, not to his decency, or manliness, but to his fears. Let him understand that he must abide by the result of a free election or by the consequences of a free fight.

Selections.

THE TWO PARTIES CONTRASTED.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER
IN FANEUIL HALL, SEPT. 28.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I do not speak to-night in the belief that anything in the way of speech—from me or anybody else—can add to the certainty that Abraham Lincoln will be reëlected President of the United States. This event is already fixed beyond all doubt or question (applause). It is the clear, palpable, visible will of the American people, which only waits the official record of the 8th of November next. The case is plain. Everybody who voted for him four years ago will vote for him now, while others, like Edward Everett (cheers), who voted against him before will range themselves among his supporters. Here is a sum of simple addition which requires very little arithmetic to do. But it is not astonishing that persons who have lost their patriotism should lose the power of calculation also.

And here let me remark that in taking a place at the head of our ticket, the distinguished gentleman to whom I have referred, renders a patriotic service and sets an example to all Bell-Everett men, who do not prefer to follow Bell rather than Everett. If any belonging to that extinct combination now vote against Edward Everett, it will be only to find themselves in the company of the traitor John Bell. If you choose to give them a designation, let it be simply the "Bell men." But it remains to be seen how many at this crisis will prefer the traitor to the patriot. These two names, which were once in conjunction, now represent the two hostile ideas of rebellion and patriotism.

But even if the election be certain, our duty is none the less imperative. It is certain because every good citizen will do his duty, and will see that his neighbor does it too. It is certain because, thank God! patriotism at the North is stronger than rebellion (cheers). But we must all unite to make it more than certain.

I have often, on former occasions, when addressing my fellow-citizens, put the question, "Are you for freedom or are you for slavery?" and I put this question now; for it is the question which necessarily enters into this coming election. On the answer hinges absolutely the peace of our country and the perpetuity of our institutions. Therefore, I put the question in another form, "Are you for the country, or are you for the rebellion?" This is the question which you will decide by your votes. It will be vain to evade this question—vain to blink it out of sight. The question will come to every man as he puts in his vote, and he must decide it sincerely, patriotically, religiously.

And now, that I may bring this responsibility home to mind and conscience, I have no hesitation in saying that in voting against Abraham Lincoln you will not only vote against freedom and for slavery, but you will vote against your country and for the rebellion; in short, you will give the very vote which Jefferson Davis would give were he allowed to vote in Massachusetts. No matter under what excuse this may be done; no matter by what argument you may deceive yourselves; no matter what apology you may construct, founded, perhaps, on personal objections or personal partialities—it will be the same. Your vote will be a vote against freedom—aye, sir, a vote against your country. Just to the extent of its influence, you will give aid and comfort to the rebel enemy, and will prevent the restoration of Union and peace.

There can be no third party now, whether in the name of moderation or in the name of progress—as there can be no third party between right and wrong—between good and evil—between the Almighty throne and Satan. There can be but two parties now. Choose ye between them. One is the party of the country, with Abraham Lincoln as its chief, and with freedom as its glorious watchword; and the other is the party of the rebellion, with Jefferson Davis as its chief, and with no other watchword than slavery. As in the choice of Hercules, there are now before you two roads, one leading to virtue and renown, and the other leading to crime and shame. Choose ye between them. Vote against Abraham Lincoln if you will, or stay at home and pout if you will; you have only as a next step to go over to the enemy.

There is no question of candidates now. There is no question of men. Candidates and men, no matter who they may be, are all insignificant by the side of the cause. It is the cause which we sustain and which we would bear as the ark of the covenant on our shoulders. Therefore I put aside all that is said of the two candidates. It would be useless to attempt a comparision between them, although it might appear that in those matters where one has been most criticized the other is in the same predicament; that, if Lincoln is slow, McClellan is slower; that if Lincoln has employed the military arm in the arrest of individuals, McClellan has employed it in the arrest of a whole Legislature; and that if Lincoln drove Vallandigham out of the Union lines as a penalty for sedition, McClellan drove the Hutchinson's out of the Union lines as a penalty for singing songs of freedom. But why consider these petty personalities? They divert attention from the single question, "Are you for your country, or are you for the rebellion?" (Applause.)

I have said that there are but two parties. If you would understand their respective characters and their claims to support, please to glance, first, at their history and then at the principle they have recently declared.

On one side is the Republican party, which was originally formed to check the encroachments of slavery, and especially to save the vast territories of the republic so that they might be preserved forever sacred to freedom. Such a party originally formed with such an object and inspired by freedom, was the natural defender of the republic when slavery took up arms against it. To this end it has labored, and to this end it will continue to labor, until, by the blessing of God, the Union is once again restored. I call it the Republican party, because that was its early name; but for myself, I am indifferent to the name by which you call me. Let it be Republican, Unionist or Abolitionist, what you will, I am with those patriots who stand by their country, and seek its safety and renown (great applause).

It is sometimes asked what has the Republican party done? Look around you and you will see everywhere what it has done. Its acts are already historic; slavery and the black laws all abolished in the National Capital; slavery interdicted in all the National territories; Hayti and Liberia recognized as independent republics in the family of nations; the foreign slave trade placed under the ban of a new treaty with Great Britain; the coastwise slave trade prohibited forever; all persons in the military or naval service prohibited from returning slaves; all Fugitive Slave acts repealed; the rules excluding colored testimony in the National courts abolished; and slaves set free in the rebel States by Presidential proclamation; such are some of the triumphs of freedom, accomplished under the auspices of the Republican party (cheers). But this is not all. The Pacific Railroad has been at last authorized; agricultural colleges have been provided for; homesteads on the public lands have been offered to all actual settlers, while by special legislation, emigration has been encouraged and organized. But beyond all these measures—any one of which in other days would have illustrated a whole Administration—the National government, with Abraham Lincoln at its head, has set on foot one of the largest armies of which there is an authentic record; has equipped a navy which, in the variety and completeness of its power, with all modern improvements, may vie with any navy in the world, while, by a most successful financial system, including banks and credit, it has obtained the unprecedented means required for all this enormous preparation, illustrating how

——"war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage"——

All this is the work of the Republican party in less than a single Presidential term (prolonged applause). It remains for this party to crown its transcendent labors by completing the triumph of the Union and by establishing peace on the indestructible foundation of human rights. For myself, let me say, I regard it as an honor to belong to this party, so great in what it has already accomplished, and greater still in what it now proposes. Other parties have performed their part and perished. The Republican party will live forever in the gratitude of all who love liberty and who rejoice in the triumphs of civilization. Foreign countries will take up the strain, while the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere confess that their burdens have been lifted by an irresistible influence, which we are not assembled to advance (applause).

Against the Republican party, thus patriotic and already illustrious by its achievements, is arrayed the old Democratic party, galvanized into new life and reinforced by members of the old Bell-Everett party who prefer Bell to Everett. In this strange combination, where Herod and Pilot have united to destroy human freedom, there seems but one single element of cohesive attraction, and that is slavery; and these men all call themselves Democrats.

Pardon the frankness with which I speak. It is needful in order to disclose the actual character of the Opposition. For a true Democracy, founded on the rights of man, I have an unfeigned respect; but for a pretended Democracy, founded on human slavery, and existing only for this enormous crime, I have no respect. It is an inconsistency in terms. It is a flat contradiction. It is a cheat and a sham. And such is the Democracy which here in Massachusetts, headed by Robert C. Winthrop, now arrays itself against the party of the Union, headed by Edward Everett. But it is plain that, in pursuing this course, it follows naturally and simply the traditions of the party.

I have already exhibited something of the good accomplished by the Republican party. See now what has been done by the Democratic party, and then say if any good can be expected from it.

For years the Democratic party has been the supporter of slavery, ready to yield anything to its insatiate demands.

Look at the rebellion from beginning to end, and you will find that it has been engineered by Democrats.

You cannot forget that James Buchanan, a Democrat, was President, surrounded by a Democratic Cabinet, while the rebellion was allowed to organize and to gather strength without interruption.

Wherever you look now in the rebellion, there you find the old Democracy, into which is absorbed John Bell and his followers, arrayed against their country.

Look at individuals; you will find that the larger half, constituting the controlling power of the old Democratic party, is now in arms against their country.

Look at States; you will find that all now in rebellion were, at its outbreak, Democratic States.

Look at the present upholders of the rebellion, and you will find that all, without exception, who are most active in it were Democrats; that Jefferson Davis, the President, so tenacious and uncompromising; that Stephens, the audacious Vice-President, who announced that the new government was founded on slavery as its corner-stone, was an old Whig turned into a Democrat; that all the rebel Cabinet were Democrats; that the President of the rebel Senate and the Speaker of the rebel House were Democrats; that James M. Mason and John Slidell, the rebel emissaries in Europe, were Democrats; that the officers, who, after obtaining their education at West Point at the public expense, threw up their commissions and lifted parricidal hands against their government—Hood, Beauregard, Johnston, Lee—were all Democrats.

It is natural that the Northern associates and allies of the rebels should be engaged in devising apologies for rebellion. It is natural that they should be against all energetic measures for its suppression; that they should call for a "cessation of hostilities," and that they should seek to throw over their companions of other days all possible protection, especially that they should seek in all ways to save their darling slavery. But they ought not to find sympathy with patriot citizens—especially against the Republican party, which, in its open and unconditional patriotism, and in all its manifold works, is in marked contrast with the Democracy.

Fellow-citizens, in all this vast Union as it was, or the Union as it is, there is not a single Republican in arms against the government, or sympathizing with those who are. There is not a traitor among them. Here is a distinction between the two parties which is as broad as the space between earth and heaven (great applause).

But let me not confound the innocent with the guilty. I know full well that among the honest masses there are many, once Democrats, who have given their lives to their country, and there are some of the old leaders at the North who have spurned all the traditions of the party. All honor and gratitude to them! There, also, are our generals—Grant, Sherman, Hooker, Butler—a goodly cluster—once Democrats, but now forgetting party, to dedicate themselves completely to their country. But the patriotism of Democrats like these will not be an apology for the Democrat Jefferson Davis, or for his Democratic sympathizers among us, who now seek to arrest the strong blows under which the rebellion reels. I do not forget, also, that there are good men who, under a misapprehension of some kind, and without seeing all the bearings of their conduct, have allowed themselves to be swept into the Democratic ranks. But such as these can be no cloak to that Democratic party which at Chicago openly struck hands with Jefferson Davis, and undertook to do for him what he cannot do for himself.

It is because the Democratic party is at this moment so utterly mischievous and disloyal, so really dangerous to our country, and so bitterly hostile to liberty, that I speak thus plainly. Soft words will not do in exposing that combination at Chicago, where the two factions commingled into one. Call them, if you please, Pharisees and Saducees (laughter). They are something more and something worse, if possible. They are the unarmed guerilla bands of Jefferson Davis, who have stolen into the free States. I have used this language before. If I repeat it now it is because I wish to put you on your guard against these criminal marauders, who, at this moment of peril, are ready to prey upon their country.

If you would see the difference between the two parties, read the speeches and resolutions at Baltimore, and then the speeches and resolutions at Chicago. I have no time for details, even if the transactions at these two Conventions were not still fresh in the memory. Suffice it to say that the Convention at Baltimore openly and frankly pledged all its energies to the suppression of the rebellion and to the utter and complete extirpation of slavery from the soil of the republic, without compromise or hesitation of any kind. This was noble and patriotic. But nothing of this kind was done at Chicago.

The Chicago platform may be seen in two aspects—first, in what it does say, and secondly, in what it does not say. There are two things which it does say; first, that the war for the suppression of the rebellion is a failure, and secondly, that there should be a cessation of hostilities. There are two things which it does not say: first, it does not say anything against the rebellion, and secondly, it does not say anything against slavery. And candidates have been nominated on this platform. In voting for them you will affirm the war has failed and that it ought to be stopped, while you will decline to say anything about the rebellion or slavery. You will declare that Grant has failed at Vicksburg and Richmond; that Sherman has failed at Atlanta; that Farragut has failed at New Orleans and Mobile; that Winslow has failed against the Alabama; and that Sheridan has failed in the valley of the Shenandoah; and you will further declare that all these heroes should be arrested in mid-career, while Democratic agencies take their place, and rose-water is substituted for cannon balls. And you will declare also that the rebellion shall prevail, and that slavery shall continue to degrade our country and be the seed of interminable war. All this you will declare and affirm by your vote.

If anything were needed to illustrate the offensive character of this platform, it would be found in the efforts made to get away from it—at least in this latitude. Nobody here is willing to stand on it. The cry of the railroad conductor is transferred to politics—"It is dangerous to stand on the platform" (laughter). Nobody has made greater efforts to get away from it than the Presidential candidate of the Democracy, who forgets that as a candidate he is born with the platform, and united to it, as the Siamese twins are united together, so that the two cannot be separated. As well cut apart Chang and Eng as cut apart McClellan and Chicago (laughter). The two must go together.

The letter of McClellan is a specimen of "how not to do it." This is the prevailing idea; how not to stand on the platform; how not to offend the rebels, and how not to touch slavery. It is an ingenious wriggle and twist; but so far as the writer succeeds in getting off the platform, it is only to run upon other difficulties—as from Scylla to Charybdis. The platform surrenders to the rebellion; the letter surrenders to slavery. But the rebellion is nothing but belligerent slavery, so that surrender to slavery is surrender to the rebellion. The platform discards the Union; but the letter, while professing a desire for Union, discards emancipation, without which Union is impossible, and while professing a desire for peace, it discards liberty, through which alone peace can be secured. The letter says: "The Union is the one condition of peace—*we ask no more.*" The Democratic candidate may ask no more; but others do. *I ask more*—because without more the Union is but a name. I ask more for the sake of justice and humanity, and that this terrible war may be vindicated in history. The Baltimore Convention in its resolutions *asks more.* Abraham Lincoln *asks more.* The country takes up the demand of the Baltimore Convention and of Abraham Lincoln, and *asks more* (applause).

I have said that Abraham Lincoln *asks more.* He has asked it again and again. He asked it in his proclamation of the 1st of January, 1863, when, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, he ordered and declared that the slaves in the rebel States "are and *henceforward shall be free*, and that the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, *will recognise and maintain the freedom of said persons.*" And he asks it again, when in his letter "to all whom it may concern," he announced that all terms of peace must begin with "the abandonment of slavery." But in face of these declarations the candidate of the Democrats mumbles forth, "the Union is the one condition of peace—*we ask no more.*"

It is a strange infatuation which imagines that the rebellion can be closed without the entire abolition of slavery. The rebellion began with slavery, and it will end with slavery. As it began in no other way, so it can end in no other way. Born from slavery, it must die with slavery. Therefore do I insist that slavery shall not be spared; for in sparing slavery you spare the rebellion itself (applause).

But even if reason and the necessity of the case did not require the sacrifice, it is now too late, thank God! By the proclamation of the President the freedom of all slaves in the rebel region is secured beyond recall. That gift cannot be taken back. It was a saying of antiquity, repeated by an exquisite poet of our own day, that "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts." But even if other gifts may be recalled, the gift of freedom cannot; for its recall would be the sacrifice of human rights. Every slave declared free by that proclamation is as much entitled to his freedom as you and I. The President himself, who was empowered to confer freedom, is impotent to make a slave. Look at the question as you will, in the light of morals or of jurisprudence, and the answer will be the same. There is the promise of the proclamation, by which the public faith of the country is irrevocably pledged, that certain slaves shall be "henceforward free," and that their freedom "shall be recognized and maintained"; and this promise, according to morals, cannot be taken back. Still more, according to jurisprudence, it cannot be taken back; for "once free always free," is a prevailing maxim, and no court, sitting under the Constitution, and inspired by the Declaration of Independence, can venture to limit or restrain a proclamation of freedom, made in the exercise of war powers for the suppression of rebellion. It is vain to say that the slaves are not now in our power. This is a proper argument for the enemy, but not for any court of the United States, for every such court will stultify itself and shock the judicial conscience of mankind if it refuses to recognize the act of the President. It is enough that the proclamation has declared the slaves to be free. There is not a slave in the rebel region which may not look to it for protection, while it overarches all like a firmament, which human effort will strive in vain to drag down (applause).

Do you need authority for this principle? Let me read to you the emphatic and well considered words of Postmaster-General Blair:

"The people once slaves in the rebel States can never again be recognized as such by the United States. No judicial decision, no legislative action, State or National, can be admitted to reënslave a people who are associated with our own destinies in this war of defence to save the government, and whose manumission was deemed essential to the restoration and preservation of the Union, *and to its permanent peace*" (applause).

This is noble doctrine, and it is none the less noble because it is from a member of the Cabinet who has sometimes been supposed to hesitate where freedom is in question.

See, then, into what denial of just principles, as well as inconsistencies, you are led, when you undertake to follow the Democratic candidate in rejecting freedom as the corner-stone of Union.

But I have said enough. The case is too plain for argument. Let us give it to you in a nutshell.

A vote for McClellan will be, first and foremost, a vote for slavery at a time when this crime has plunged the country into the sorrows and waste of war.

It will be a vote for the rebellion at a moment when the rebellion is about to fall.

It will be a vote for disunion at a moment when the Union is about to be restored.

But disunion, when once started, cannot be stopped, so that a vote for McClellan will be a vote to break this Union in pieces, and to set each State spinning in space.

It will be a vote for chronic war among fellow-citizens, which will be ever beginning and never ending until the fate of Mexico will be ours.

It will be a vote for the repudiation of the National debt, involving the destruction of property and the overthrow of business.

It will be a vote for anarchy and chaos at home.

It will be a vote for National degradation abroad.

It will be a vote against civilization itself.

It will be a vote for the kingdom of Satan on earth.

On the other hand, a vote for Abraham Lincoln will be, first and foremost, a vote for Freedom, Union and Peace, that political trinity under whose guardianship we place the Republic. It will be a vote also to fix the influence and good name of our country, so that it shall become the pride of history. It will be a vote also for civilization itself. At home it will secure tranquillity throughout the whole land, with freedom of travel and of speech, so that the eloquence of Wendell Phillips may be enjoyed at Richmond and Charleston as it is now enjoyed at New York and Boston, and the designation of "border States," now exclusively applicable to interior States, will be removed, so that our only "border States" will be on Canada at the North and Mexico at the South. Doing all this at home, it will do more abroad, for it will secure the triumph of American institutions everywhere (great applause).

Surely all this is something to vote for. And you will not hesitate. Forward, then, in the name of Freedom, Union and Peace. Crush the enemy everywhere. Crush him on the field of battle. Crush him at the ballot-box. And may the November election be the final peal of thunder which shall clear the sky and fill the heavens with glory (prolonged cheers).

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

THE nature and merits of the great struggle now convulsing the country cannot be properly estimated without a constant remembrance *what slavery is.* The question before us—the question at issue before Richmond and Atlanta, and substantially in the fierce political campaign now pending—is whether slavery as a social system and a civil power shall rule in Christian America, or shall die with the rebellion it has instigated. Every fact, therefore, which serves to show what slavery is should be exhibited, that the people may know what it is they do in deciding this question. With this view we publish the following narratives sent us by Rev. Dr. Marks from a colored lady, now engaged in teaching one of the Freedmen's schools near Washington:

"A few days since Mrs. C. was in our rooms to receive her monthly supply of reading-matter, and in speaking of the state of the school, said, 'We have many things now to distress and annoy us; but when I think of the change in our condition in twenty-five years, this is like the millennium. Then, no one dared to teach a colored person to read or write, and a school for this race was only permitted in Africa.'

THREATS FOR ABILITY TO WRITE.

"'When I was a child, my mother, who was free, taught me to read and write, and after I was able to to go out and serve, I went to take care of a lady of this city who had gone into Maryland for a Summer's excursion.

"'We stopped at the house of a planter in one of the Southern Counties, when one day my mistress, writing a letter to Washington, asked me if I should not like to say a word to my mother. I said I should be glad to do so. "Come, then," said she, "and write a line in my letter." I went to the table and took her pen in hand, and commenced writing. At that moment the planter came in, and, looking at me, cried out in the severest manner and with fierce oaths, "What are you about? A negro writing! I will have your back stripped. You shall not stay an hour on my place. I'll have no nigger writing about me!" I was speechless and trembling with fear, for I knew how fully I was in their power, and that there was no law nor pity for me. That day we had to leave the house, and went on into the next County. But now, what a change! In every place where there are one dozen colored families we have a school. Books are sent to us. Papers are published for us. Teachers come to us. Now everything and a multitude of friends encourage us.'

THE MARTYR FOR OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

"'When mistress had started from the house of the man who had frightened me so, we went twenty or more miles to the house of another planter, that my mistress knew. We were just in time for a great camp-meeting. All the people of the country were there, and many whites and blacks professed conversion.

"'The mansion house of the estate was surrounded by the cabins or quarters of the slaves, fifty or sixty in number. For several nights after the meetings, the slaves had prayer-meetings in their houses, and sang and shouted greatly to the disturbance of the master. One evening the noise had been greater than ever, and, in the midst of it, the master sent for the leading black man to come to him.

"'I was near, and heard every word when the man came up before his master. He was a large, powerful man, and had a manly, honest look that made every one respect him. Eight or ten ladies and several gentleman, were on the portico to listen to the conversation.

"'The slave, with uncovered head, stood before his master, waiting to be spoken to. "Dick," said the planter, "what is the meaning of this hideous noise? If you were whipped by devils, you could not make a more horrible howling. Now, Dick, I can bear a great deal, but more of this I cannot stand. Now I say, Dick, stop it, or I'll be —— if I don't cut your heart and tongue out. You hear me?" "Yes, massa; but the blessed gospel is from God, and if he command us to pray, and you command us not to pray, what shall we do, massa?"

"'Instantly the master sprang to his feet full of rage, and walking up to the slave, he seized him by the throat, and with a tone of fury that made the blood of every one run cold, cried out, "I tell you, you —— black scoundrel, God Almighty himself shall not interfere with my orders. Stop your praying, or I'll shoot you like a wolf." "Massa," said the slave, in the calm manner of one who had made up his mind to die, "if we refuse to obey God we will sink into hell, and that is worse than the whip of de overseer."

"'The rage of the master was now beyond all bounds. He struck the slave with his fist; knocked him down, and kicked him in the face, and sprang up and down on him until he was exhausted. Not one uttered a word. Not a hand was stretched out, but some of the white ladies and gentlemen said he was a very saucy nigger, and deserved it.

"'The master then called for the overseer, and he, with three or four of the blacks, bore off the bleeding man to the whipping-pen. We soon heard the whip coming down on the poor victim's back. At first, there were loud cries of agony, then low moans, and then no sound but the lash; and long before the scourgings ended, the man was insensible. To bring him to life, and rouse him by pain, his back was washed with brine.

"'All that night not one dared to go to the poor mangled man. Not even his wife or little children. The slaves, in the meantime, cowered around their cabins and in the shade of the big house, and not one spoke above a whisper, for each one feared the same fate.

"'But one flogging did not satisfy the master, for, in two days, the overseer was ordered to repeat it. And, after this, Dick never spoke again; but on the next morning it was whispered around that he was dead, and in a little time we saw a rude coffin taken to the pen, and poor Dick was carried out and buried under the shadow of some trees away off in the woods. Not one word was said about it.

"'I do believe if any planter, Quaker, or neighbor had made a complaint against the master, and charged him with the death of his slave, the accuser would have been shot. Then all the slaveholders and many others said, "The niggers must be kept down." I do not know how long the planter lived, or when he died, but I heard that his sons and sons-in-law are in the rebel army.'"—*Tract Journal.*

ANOTHER SOLDIER REPUDIATES SURRENDER.

TROY, Oct. 4th, 1864.

To the Hon. JOHN A. GRISWOLD, *Member of the United States Congress:*

DEAR SIR: You have my thanks for a copy of the New York *World* of the 14th ult., containing an untruthful article relating to myself. I have no time to notice it at the present moment, but may do so at a future day. Meanwhile, you will please accept the following remarks:

It is more than four years since a Democratic Convention met, first at Charleston and subsequently at Baltimore, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. The prominent leaders of this Convention from the South (so-called Democrats) were the political disciples of John C. Calhoun. As declared by Rhett, of South Carolina, since 1860 the purpose was entertained by them to separate the Southern States from the Union. Their idea was to make cotton king, which, "in a few years," said Rhett, "would rule the world." Foiled in several previous attempts to accomplish their object, they determined as a last resort to divide the Democratic party and run two candidates for President, that the Republicans might elect their candidate, Abraham Lincoln, whom they had denounced as "an Abolitionist." In this they succeeded. The faction of the Southern States nominated the then Vice-President, Mr. Breckinridge; the faction of the Northern States nominated Senator Douglas. The result was the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. In the following December, the State of South Carolina, assigning the election of Mr. Lincoln as a justifiable cause for the act, seceded from the Union, and this, too, without the slightest effort on the part of the President, James Buchanan, to prevent it.

Thus commenced this nefarious rebellion, encouraged and assisted by a majority of the Democratic Cabinet of President Buchanan. John B. Floyd, his Secretary of War, a defaulter for a large amount in his own State (Virginia), robbed the Northern States of arms and ammunition, and transferred them to the Southern States, at the same time ordering the greater part of the army to the most distant frontier posts. Thompson, his Secretary of the Interior, robbed the Treasury, as reported, of eight hundred thousand dollars in Indian bonds. Toucey, his Secretary of the Navy, to prevent interference with the rebel ports, ordered the United States ships of war to Europe and other distant regions. Cobb, his Secretary of the Treasury, violated his oath of office and joined the rebels, after nearly bankrupting the Treasury and ruining the National credit. Black, his Attorney-General, was his friend and confidential adviser, and no less guilty in his encouragement of the South in their rebellious scheme than the President.

Of such men, called Democrats—with the exception of Gen. Cass, Secretary of State, and Joseph Holt, Postmaster-General—was composed the Cabinet of the Democratic President, James Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was himself the devoted friend of Ex-Vice-President John C. Calhoun, who, in consequence of a quarrel with President Jackson and his Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, abandoned his party, and was the bitter enemy of Jackson. Mr. Calhoun became a nullifier, and after he defeated the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister at the Court of St. James, resigned his Vice-Presidency and returned to South Carolina, where he was received with open arms. Then he declared, having given up in despair his aspirations for the Presidency, that the fact was no longer to be concealed that henceforth the Southern States, *if retained in the Union*, would be only hewers of wood and drawers of water for the North. To this he would never consent. He proclaimed the scheme of forming a grand slave Confederacy that was to make cotton king and "rule the world." Not long after, military schools were established in the Southern States, secret associations formed, and finally the Knights of the Golden Circle organized to carry into execution the great plan of the Democratic conspirators of the Southern States. Reference is here made to Mr. Calhoun in order to show the origin of secession, and establish the fact of the determination of the Southern Democracy to separate the Southern from the Northern States, dating back more than thirty years ago, and also to show that the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency was not the cause, but the *pretext* for accomplishing their long meditated designs.

To aid in consummating the treasonable scheme, we had in the five States such Democratic representative leaders as Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Pierce of New Hampshire, Cushing of Massachusetts, Seymour of Connecticut, the Woods of New York, Vallandig

The General is bound by his plighted faith to be governed by the platform, should he be elected. To violate it, he would exhibit more courage than most men possess.

Allow me to ask, is there a Democrat who voted for Senator Douglas for President, that will vote for any candidate who accepts a nomination from a Convention that sympathizes with the rebels, and which was dictated to by Southern traitors in the formation of its platform? I hope there is not one. Although Douglas was defeated in his election by the Southern Democracy, and a few Democrats in the North who cooperated with them, he was one of the first to declare his attachment to the Union and his readiness to sacrifice all he possessed, with life itself, if need be, to protect and defend the Republic in its unity and integrity.

In conclusion, I will simply remark that I belong to no party, whether Democrat, Whig, Republican, or any other, that is not for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, without compromise or lines of demarcation, and which is not in favor of the prosecution of the war until the rebels lay down their arms, and are willing to submit to the laws and Constitution of the United States. Respectfully yours,

JOHN E. WOOL.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

From the Syracuse Journal of Oct. 7.

ALMOST every one of the representative colored men of the United States is attending the Convention now sitting in this city—a Convention which will undoubtedly form the starting-point of a new era in the history of the African race. Prominent among those on the platform were Frederick Douglass, the earnest and devoted advocate of the rights of the people, who has done more than any other individual to elevate the status of the free negro in the North. The Church was represented by the Rev. Dr. Henry Highland Garnet, one of the most eloquent of American divines; the Rev. J. Sella Martin, the young clergyman who defended the North and the Union from one end of England to the other; and the Rev. Wm. H. Newman, of Ohio. The bar sent John Mercer Langston, whose legal acumen and logical mind would give him prominence in any assembly of jurists; William Howard Day, who has just completed his studies in the schools and courts of Europe, and the able John S. Rock, of Boston. The medical profession furnished Dr. John B. Smith, of Boston, and Dr. Peter W. Ray of Brooklyn. The able delegates of the press were Robert Hamilton, of the *Anglo-African*, and John P. Sampson, of the *Colored Citizen*. From the wars we have the gallant Capt. Ingraham, one of the stormers of Port Hudson, and the soldierly-looking Sergt. Green. The deputation from the ranks of literature comprised George B. Vashon and Professor Bassett, both men of the highest scholarly attainments; William Wells Brown, the author of a romantic autobiography and other works; and Peter H. Clark, a man of wide literary reputation.

The proceedings of the Convention yesterday afternoon and this forenoon, were of a purely business character.

The plan of the Business Committee for a National Equal Rights League was taken up, and considered section by section, and after amendments, it was adopted. The section fixing the basis of representation for the first delegate from each State at $100, and allowing an additional representative for every subsequent $60 paid into the treasury of the National League, was sharply opposed by several gentlemen. Several amendments were proposed and debated, and it was finally agreed to fix the sums at $50 and $30. The various propositions brought out several advocates. The section locating the headquarters, or general office of the League, being likely to create some feeling, was passed in blank for the time; and after the passage of the balance was called up again, and upon it a sharp contest arose. Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Cleveland were named; the friends of each standing up for their preference. It seemed to be the bone of contention—many words were wasted upon it, and the previous question applied. The result was in favor of Cleveland, which created considerable excitement on the part of the friends of Philadelphia. The time for the annual meeting of the League was fixed for the third Tuesday in September of each year.

At the evening session the vote on location was reconsidered and Philadelphia was selected.

The evening session was mainly occupied by addresses from leading members of the Convention. Rev. Dr. Garnet and Dr. D. P. Randolph made the principal addresses, which were listened to with close attention by the very large audience. Remarks were also made by Messrs. Langston, Martin and Rock, and by Mrs. Frances Watkins Harper. A committee on the selection of officers was appointed.

The business of the closing session of the Convention this forenoon, was the adoption of the report of the Finance Committee, and the election of officers of the League, as follows:

President—J. M. LANGSTON.

Vice-Presidents—J. S. Rock, P. G. Wells, J. H. Ingraham.

Associate Vice-Presidents—F. L. Cordoza, Sella Martin, W. P. Newman, James Jefferson, S. S. Murray, Geo. H. Parker, J. Houston, Rev. J. Peck, A. H. Galloway, James Cochrane, P. W. Wilson, Abram Smith.

Recording Secretaries—D. D. Turner and St. George Taylor.

Corresponding Secretary—Geo. B. Vashon.

Treasurer—W. H. Rich.

Executive Board—J. D. Richards, A. A. Galloway, Ransom Harris, W. Heeling.

A Declaration of Wrongs and Rights, Made by the Colored Men of the United States of America, in Convention assembled, in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 4th, 1864.

1st. As a branch of the human family, we have for long ages been deeply and cruelly wronged, by people whose might constituted their *right*; we have been subdued, not by the power of ideas, but by brute force, and have been unjustly deprived not only of many of our natural rights, but debarred the privileges and advantages freely accorded to other men.

2d. We have been made to suffer well-nigh every cruelty and indignity possible to be heaped upon human beings, and for no fault of our own.

3d. We have been taunted with our inferiority by people whose statute books contain laws inflicting the severest penalties on whomsoever dared teach us the art of reading God's word; we have been denounced as incurably ignorant, and, at the same time, have been, by stern enactments, debarred from taking even the first step toward self-enlightenment and personal and national elevation; we have been declared incapable of self-government by those who refused us the right of experiment in that direction, and we have been denounced as cowards by men who refused at first to trust us with a musket on the battle-field.

4th. As a people we have been denied the ownership of our bodies, our wives, homes, children, and the products of our own labor; we have been compelled, under pain of death, to submit to wrongs deeper and darker than the earth ever witnessed in the case of any other people; we have been forced to silence and inaction in full presence of the infernal spectacle of our sons groaning under the lash, our daughters ravished, our wives violated, and our fire-sides desolated, while we ourselves have been led to the shambles, and sold like beasts of the field.

5th. When the nation in her trial hour called her sable sons to arms, we gladly went to fight her battles, but were denied the pay accorded to others, until public opinion demanded it, and then it was tardily granted. We have fought and conquered, we have been denied the laurels of victory. We have fought where victory gave us no glory, and where captivity meant cool murder on the field by fire, sword and halter, and yet no black man ever flinched.

6th. We are taxed, but denied the right of representation. We are practically debarred the right of trial by jury. And institutions of learning which we help to support are closed against us.

We submit to the American people and world the following Declaration of our Rights, asking a calm consideration thereof:

1st. We declare that all men are born free and equal; that no man or government has a right to annul, repeal, abrogate, contravene or render inoperative this fundamental principle, except it be for crime; therefore we demand the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery.

2d. That as natives of American soil we claim the right to remain upon it, and that any attempt to deport, remove, expatriate, or colonize us to any other land, or to mass us here against our will, is unjust, for here were be born, for this country our fathers and our brothers have fought, and here we hope to remain in the full enjoyment of enfranchised manhood and its dignities.

3d. That as citizens of the Republic we claim the rights of other citizens; we claim that we are, by right, entitled to respect, that due attention should be given to our needs, that proper rewards should be given for our services, and that the immunities and privileges of all other citizens and defenders of the nation's honor should be conceded to us; we claim the right to be heard in the halls of Congress; and we claim our fair share of the public domain, whether acquired by purchase, treaty, confiscation or military conquest.

4th. That emerging as we are from the long night of gloom and sorrow, we are entitled to and claim the sympathy and aid of the entire Christian world, and we invoke the considerate aid of mankind in this crisis of our history, and in this hour of sacrifice, suffering and trial.

Those are our wrongs,—these a portion of what we deem to be our rights as men, as patriots, as citizens, and as children of the Common Father. To realize and attain these rights and their practical recognition, is our purpose. We confide our cause to the just God, whose benign aid we solemnly invoke. To him we appeal.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From the Syracuse Weekly Journal.

THE Union electors of the First Congressional District in this State have shown themselves worthy of the cause and the hour. The representative of the District in the present Congress is Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, who has pursued, since he took his seat in the lower House, a course eminently wise and patriotic. Although originally nominated and elected by their political opponents, the Unionists, divesting themselves, as is proper at this time, of their partisan prejudices, did not hesitate to proffer him the nomination for a second term. But Mr. Stebbins, in consequence, we presume, of ill-health, declined this offer. Thereupon the honor was conferred by acclamation upon Mr. George William Curtis. Every American is familiar with this distinguished gentleman's political career. While busied in acquiring a nation-wide fame as a writer, a scholar and an orator, he has never forgotten his duties as a citizen. His devotion to letters, earnest and fruitful as it has been, has not prevented him from displaying an equal devotion to the interests of his country. Before the existing struggle began he was, for some years, an outspoken advocate of a just and honorable administration of public affairs. Since the outbreak of the war he has consecrated his scarcely rivalled abilities wholly to the cause of the nation. Not only as a speaker, always commanding large audiences, not only as an essayist, addressing himself to the literary classes, but also as the conductor of a widely-circulated journal, he has used his great powers in defence of our assailed nationality. The influence of *Harper's Weekly* in animating the spirits, both of the soldiers in our armies and the people at home, has been immense. Much of this influence has been directly owing to the unbending patriotism of Mr. Curtis.

We are aware that the First District has heretofore given to the candidates of the Opposition a large majority. We do not know, therefore, whether Mr. Curtis will be elected. But we do know that he ought to be. If our voice were at all potential with the people of Queens, Suffolk and Richmond Counties, we should say to them. "If you desire to be represented in the XXXIXth Congress by the most eloquent man, the most scholarly statesman, the most sterling patriot, and the most honorable legislator, who will occupy a place upon the floor of the House of Representatives, you will give your votes to George William Curtis."

JEFF. DAVIS'S CONFESSION.

From the Tribune.

THE man who knows most intimately and completely the condition of the Southern Confederacy is undoubtedly Jefferson Davis. The man who has the deepest interest to conceal that knowledge is also Jefferson Davis, yet it is Jefferson Davis who is author of the speech which proclaims to all the world that the military resources of the rebellion are well nigh exhausted, and its hopes of success all but vanished. The Macon speech is perhaps the most extraordinary confession ever put forth by a great criminal before he actually stood upon the gallows which was to be the fit end of his career.

This speech is so frank and truthful that its authenticity is a little suspected by a single Southern paper, but there seems no cause for doubt. It is certain Davis has recently been at Macon, and has spoken there, and that what professes to be a report of his speech appears in the Macon *Telegraph*. The date is so long ago as Sept. 24; there has been abundant time for contradiction, but none has been made. We conclude the speech is accurately given in substance.

We know not whether this singular confession will be received with more rage by the Southern or by the Northern comrades of Mr. Davis. All the hopes of the former, and all the political hopes of the latter, rest on the military strength and resources of the rebellion. Yet Mr. Davis declares that two thirds of the rebel troops are deserters, and that not many men between eighteen and forty-five are left in the Confederacy. In other words, the military chief of the rebellion is driven to own that the people fall off from his cause, and that the armies are reduced far below the least strength ever claimed for them. For it we put the rebel forces at four hundred thousand men when the Summer campaign began, we shall find by the estimate of Mr. Davis himself that not more than 130,000 men remain in the field. This number includes the troops both east and west of the Mississippi, and is meant to represent not the actual but the nominal force of the rebel armies. What must be the *morale* of those armies, two-thirds of whose men have deserted in the face of the enemy? What their hopes of victory against forces whom they know to be twice, thrice, four times superior?

Mr. Davis confesses not only that his armies are two-thirds wasted by desertion, but that there are no men to fill them. Gen. Grant said the rebels were robbing the cradle and the grave to fill their ranks. Mr. Davis confesses it is true. "You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left." And the President of this great confederacy, the leader of a gigantic rebellion, is driven to appeal to women for support. The chance of persuading his soldiers back into the ranks rests on the delusion of their wives and daughters. Place is to be kept for a boy of eight years old at the solicitation of his mother, and her example is commended to the rest. Nay, the chief of a great army condescends to beg that he may be personally informed by letter concerning deserters! To bring the military necessities of his condition clearly before the people, Mr. Davis tells them that even Macon, "filled with stores, sick and wounded," must be defended, not by Hood's army, but by the "old men," "and when the enemy is driven beyond Chattanooga (!), they, too, can join in the general rejoicing." Better have said the young men, for they will have a chance to grow old before Sherman quite reaches Chattanooga in his retreat. The empty boast that he shall be driven back, is in pitiful contrast with the exhibit of military deficiencies which the rest of Mr. Davis's harangue presents.

The leader of the rebellion has heretofore solicited the respect of Europe by the decorum of his public speeches and state papers. In deportment he has been the rival of Mr. Turveydrop, and in "gentlemanliness" has admitted no peer but Gen. McClellan. Yet this perfumed chevalier now permits himself to talk of "Butler the Beast," with whom no Commissioner of Exchange would hold intercourse, and indulges in a cheap slur about Butler's "effort to get himself whitewashed by holding intercourse with gentlemen." Whither have vanished Mr. Davis's regards for diplomatic proprieties? Why are they superseded by a passionate explosion of ill temper? And what will Gen. McClellan now say for the well-bred traitor whose perfection of manners he once vehemently asserted to Col. Metcalf, of Kentucky?

Mr. Davis defends himself against the charge of neglecting Georgia. He avers that they were no better off in Virginia than in Georgia. He asseverates that the dispatch of Early's army to Atlanta would have been the destruction of Richmond. He announces, in substance, that hereafter each section of the confederacy must protect itself as best it can. He believes that "if one half the deserters will return to duty, we can defeat the enemy." But he knows they will not return. He knows that even the hope of McClellan's election has grown too faint to be materially helpful to the rebellion, and in a sullen fit of despondency the great Traitor blurts out the admission that the rebellion North and the rebellion South are to fall together in November.

A SHALLOW DEVICE.

From the Boston Transcript.

WHEN it began to be certain that McClellan would be nominated by the Democratic party, the exultation of the rebels could not be concealed. It burst forth in expressions of satisfaction and rekindled hope from the journals of Richmond, Charleston and Mobile. But the leaders of the Northern wing of the rebellion whispered to their indiscreet brethren at the South—"Hush! This will never do. Change your tactics at once. You must affect to be alarmed, instead of rejoicing at the nomination of Little Mac. Then we can gull the greenhorns by quoting your expressions. Now try again. Put on a grave face. Say you have more favor to expect of Lincoln than McClellan—that you heartily hope the baboon will be elected, etc., etc. Lay it on thick, and don't be afraid." In conformity with this advice, the rebel press has suddenly changed its tone; and it is amusing to see its awkward affectation of hilarity in the prospect of Lincoln's election. The Copperhead organs quote the reformed and altered comments of the Richmond and Mobile papers, and cry, "Look here! Who asserts that the rebels want to see Lincoln elected? Read what the Richmond *Enquirer* says! Read what the Mobile *Register* says! No! The election of Little Mac is what the rebels fear, for they know it would restore the Union." Are there any people simple enough to be duped by so transparent and obvious a trick? Those who have bought watches at Peter Funk auction stores—those who believe McClellan to be the greatest general of the age—may be deceived, but nobody else.

Meanwhile, the people of the loyal States will seek for the real feeling of the South in the declaration of the Charleston *Courier*, that it would be absurd to deny that there is "an intimate connection" between "the armies of the Confederacy and the peace men of the North"—that they are both working for one end—and that if the said "armies" be kept up to their full efficiency the Northern peace men will do the rest.

WHERE THE FAILURE HAS BEEN.

[Mr. Garrison, while describing in the *Liberator* his recent visit to the home of Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro, indulges in the following episode:]

WOULD that Gen. Fremont had felt inspired to act as magnanimously [as Gen. Cochrane] and allowed his "private griefs" to have been wholly forgotten in considering the perilous condition of the republic! True, he has publicly withdrawn from the presidential arena, on the ground that "the union of the Republican party has become a paramount necessity"; but his wholesale impeachment of Mr. Lincoln, that "his Administration has been politically, militarily and financially a failure"—that "he has built up for the South a strength which otherwise they never could have obtained, and this has given an advocate on the Chicago platform"—etc., etc., shows him to be equally unwise and unjust, and more of an opponent than a supporter of the Administration. He says that, in withdrawing as a candidate, he does so, "*not to aid in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln*, but to do his part toward preventing the election of the Democratic candidate." A very nice distinction, indeed! For how the defeat of Gen. McClellan is to be effected except by "the triumph of Mr. Lincoln," we cannot logically make out. Surely, if he is determined "not to aid in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln," it follows that he is equally determined *not* to do his part toward preventing the election of the Democratic candidate. He cannot be allowed to play fast and loose, to be friend and foe, in this manner. His letter, as a whole, evinces mortified pride and a splenetic state of mind, and is evidently intended to be as damaging to Mr. Lincoln as possible, short of an open advocacy of the Copperhead candidate. There can be no greater condemnation bestowed than to declare that Mr. Lincoln's "Administration has been POLITICALLY, MILITARILY and FINANCIALLY a FAILURE," and then to decline in favor of his reelection. It is, moreover, self-stultification. The Copperheads have said nothing worse than this. But the charge is grossly untrue. From the issuing of the Proclamation of Emancipation, at least, the Administration has been politically, militarily and financially a great success. Is the ensured liberation of more than three millions of slaves, provided the Administration be not overthrown, a failure? Is the enrollment of a hundred thousand black soldiers a failure? Is the experiment of free labor and free schools in Louisiana, South Carolina and Virginia a failure? Is the repeal of all Fugitive-Slave laws a failure? Is the abolition of the inter-State slave trade a failure? Is the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the foreign slave trade a failure? Is the prohibition of slavery in all the vast territories of the Union a failure? Is the emancipation of all who were held in bondage in the District of Columbia a failure? Is the recognition of the independence of Liberia and Hayti a failure? Is the transformation of all truly loyal men into advocates for a constitutional amendment, whereby slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished in the land, a failure? Are Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Butler, and Farragut, and a host of others, failures? Is the great army of the North, with its mighty advances South and West, and numerous magnificent victories, a failure? Financially, is the confidence reposed in the integrity and ability of the government to redeem all its paper issues required in the successful prosecution of the war a failure? In view of cheering and momentous facts like these, and of the formidable difficulties with which the President has had to contend, what but a jaundiced vision and a soured mind can account for such a preposterous charge? It is not Mr. Lincoln, but Gen. Fremont, we are sorry to say, who is a failure. It is the Cleveland nomination that is a failure. It is a strong, determined purpose to divide the loyal sentiment of the country, and defeat the election of Mr. Lincoln, that has proved a failure. All else is success—as witness the howls of the rebels on the one hand, and the shrieks of the Copperheads on the other!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

WE are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the STANDARD for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his adver tisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

THE WORK NEAREST HAND.

THE election of Mr. Lincoln appears to be regarded by his friends as good as won. And we think that nothing but insane overconfidence and a consequent relaxation of effort on their part can prevent this result. All the warring opinions in regard to him and his policy have been absorbed by the one intense intuition that McClellan must be defeated at all events. Fremont and Cochrane, Wade and Winter Davis, the Missouri Radicals, and all who had hoped that another Head might be given to the Nation to direct its Hand at the moment when the last blow was to be given that should strike off the fetters of the slaves, they have all agreed to support Mr. Lincoln as against Gen. McClellan. They who do not exalt him as the greatest absolute good, accept him as by far the least relative evil. There will be an undivided front of all who regard the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery as identical and inseparable ideas, presented to those who hold that slavery is the paramount interest of the Nation and its preservation its supreme duty. Disguise it as they will, this is the issue made up by the Copperhead party, and this is the future their success will open before us. Every concession that the rebels can devise as to the security of their slave property, if they will but consent to return to their allegiance, with all the incidents of restoration, compensation, assumption of debt, and political guarantees for the future against Abolition fanaticism, all that they can have, as a matter of course. To be sure, Gen. McClellan in the platform which he substituted for that his Convention had framed for him, with his own previous consent, as it is affirmed, declares that if they will not consent to let us pass under the yoke at our earnest entreaty, they must be compelled to grant us that privilege by force of arms. But that was a necessary stratagem, in the existing prosperous state of the military situation, to save to the party the honester portion of it, who care little about slavery, but who hold fast by the faith delivered to them by the Democratic saints in the sacredness of the Union. If McClellan is elected, and the rebels hold out till then—as they certainly will do—the Pendleton portion of the ticket will assume imposing proportions. The half will be more than the whole. The earnestness and energy of the Vice-President and his supporters will be too much for the timid and time-serving President and his advisers, and the consequence of the refusal of the rebels to come back and govern us will be not an active contemning of the war, but the recognition of their Independence.

These are the points which should be made plain in the sight of all the people, so that they may act understandingly at the polls next month. It should be shown that Mr. Lincoln has actually abolished slavery in all the Rebel States by the exercise of his Constitutional War power, and that he cannot reënslave any of those emancipated men, if he would. Such a crime would be a *coup d'état* in the presence of the blackness and infamy of which that of the Second of December would glow with the glory of a cardinal virtue. The bringing of a cargo of Africans from the Guinea coast and selling them in market overt, would be a commendable action compared with the plunging three millions of men into the hell of slavery, whom he had just delivered from its jaws. It is not to be admitted as a probability that the author of the Proclamation of 1863 can blacken himself with such an infamy. But it is necessary that he should be sustained and upheld by the Nation in this glorious career. He himself did not enter upon it until he was well assured that the Nation was ready to follow and support him. He has received every assurance that the people have had the opportunity to give him since the immortal New Year's Day of Emancipation; but the crowning proof is reserved for the eighth of next month. It must be made clear and distinct that every vote that is given to him is meant to be one of approbation of his Emancipation policy, and of conviction that there is no other deliverance for the Nation, and no other security for the establishment of peace and for the permanance of the Union. He should not be held responsible for the utterances even of his Chief Secretary, which assume a possible falling back from that advanced and impregnable position. That officer expressly exonerated him from any responsibility for what he said, and he certainly has never said or done anything himself that should subject him to such a suspicion. However open to censure certain actions of his secretaries or his generals as to the emancipated negroes may have been, and whatever degree of responsibility justly falls to his share because of them, the President has never shown any symptom of a wish to recall, abridge, or modify his general principle of Emancipation.

Our enemies in England have laid hold of Mr. Seward's Auburn Speech, as they naturally would, as a proof that the abolition of slavery was no part of the plan of our government. The papers in the interest of the rebels make use of it to show that the Proclamation was a mere hypocritical, a political, manœuvre to secure the support of a certain powerful party in the nation, but that it had no purpose to free the slaves beyond our lines, and can have no effect upon their future condition. They regard it as a simple corollary upon the earnest assurances of Mr. Seward to all the Courts of Europe, through his letters to our ministers, at the breaking out of the rebellion, that there was no purpose of disturbing slavery. There was none, to be sure; but there was no occasion of informing the Courts of Europe of the disgraceful fact. It was none of their business. The times have changed since then; but, in the opinion of our unfriends, Mr. Seward has not changed with them. He would still leave all of slavery that survives the war, if not as it was before the war, at least open to diplomatic, legislative and judicial action. This opinion of the legal effect of the Proclamation, though he does not mention that instrument in terms, is that expressed soon after it appeared by Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., the U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, *viz:* that the Proclamation acted on all slaves actually reached by our armies, and was effectual while the war lasted, but that its efficacy would cease with the war and the question would be remitted to legal and constitutional decision. Of course, the weight of the Secretary's opinion is infinitely greater than that of the District Attorney. And especially in foreign countries, because the Secretary of State is there regarded, as he is often spoken of familiarly among ourselves, as the Prime Minister of the United States. A *dictum* of his is looked upon of as grave importance as one of Lord Palmerston's would be in England. Now we know that he is nothing of the sort. The President is the Prime Minister of the Nation, and is responsible as such and liable to impeachment and removal. Unlike the King, he *can* do wrong, and be punished for it. His Secretaries are but his chief clerks for whose action he is accountable. Mr. Lincoln does not seem to think that he is so for their words, and has permitted them all to hold and to express the most opposite opinions to himself and to each other on many points. Whether this be wise or not, it does not affect the fact that Mr. Seward is not the mouthpiece of Mr. Lincoln. He speaks for nobody but himself, and Mr. Lincoln is to be judged only by what he has done and said himself.

That he believes that he has freed every slave in all the States and parts of States to which his Proclamation applies, and that it is legally impossible to reënslave them by any possible treaty, it is but simple justice to assume. He has never done anything, or said anything, that militates against his honesty and good faith in this matter. That many acts of injustice and folly have been committed in his name, some of which certainly he might have repaired, if not hindered, we will not deny. But that he intends to stand and fall, with his countrymen and posterity, upon the Proclamation policy, we believe, and have never doubted it. If it be crippled or defeated in its practical carrying out, we believe it will be in spite of him, and not by any duplicity or connivance of his. But it will neither be defeated nor crippled if the nation rise up at the polls in the majesty and might with which it sprung to arms when first startled into earnestness by the cannon-shot fired at Sumter. And it will do so, if common activity and ordinary discretion be put forth. There will remain much to be done to shape the practical application of the Proclamation policy in the wisest and most beneficent manner, when the time of that application arrives. But the first duty now, at the North, is to prevent Jefferson Davis from becoming President of the United States, in the person of his nominee creature, George B. McClellan.

THE COFFIN NAILING DOWN.

WE go to press in the midst of the first and very partial returns from the three great elections on Tuesday—in the States, to wit, of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Of these the first alone is contested, and that exclusive of the soldiers' vote, which will inevitably secure a Union majority. Mr. Greeley will not admit the shadow of a doubt that the Keystone State has maintained its loyal adherence to the National cause. In Indiana alone was there a ballot for Governor, and Gov. Morton, whose name is synonymous with energy and patriotism, has been handsomely reelected, in spite of very rational fears to the contrary. The recent exposure of an almost incredible plot to revolutionize the West in the interest of the rebellion, has awakened the people at the right moment to the infernal character of the Peace Democracy, and their condemnation is read in the votes by which Long, Pendleton, Cox and Voorhees are "sent whirling" from the halls of Congress—outcast devils, to give place to men.

These October elections have a three-fold significance and effect. They alter materially the complexion of the next Congress, which will probably be called upon to settle the affairs of a defunct Confederacy—a task of the highest magnitude, and upon which the future of the country hangs trembling, for good or evil. They render certain the overwhelming defeat at the November polls of McClellan and his traitorous tribe, and the election of Lincoln and Johnson to the offices assigned them at Baltimore. They give warning to the leaders of the rebellion that their last card is played, their last hope turned to naught. Neither civil reaction at the ballot-box, neither armed conspiracy in the bosom of the West, can restore their "bent and wrinkled empery," or shake the purpose of the people of the North to continue the war till their foes are annihilated. The end at last appears. The Republic, victorious and unrelenting in the field, and self-sustaining at home, beholds with serenity the approach of the hour when, out of present chaos, the beautiful shapes of Liberty all-glorified and Union as imagined but never realized arise in compensation for the blood, and the tears, and the dreary waste, of four long, battle-scarred years. We see the last ditch now—the rebellion totters on its brink. Bring out your winding-sheet, O Davis! Prepare for the imminent collapse. On the sword which you have drawn, there is no choice left but to fall. May it sweeten your final moments to reflect that you have doomed to destruction the system which you sought to perpetuate at the sacrifice of a million of human lives.

NO RELAXATION OF PURPOSE.

THE descendant of a family distinguished in our history for its persistency and grit, in devising for himself a seal, chose a bull dog's head with the motto "tenax." The selection went far to establish his lineage. Four years of war having failed to shake the determination of those who entered upon it for the maintenance of Union, the chain of relationship must be acknowledged complete between the founders and the defenders—between 1776 and 1864. Our national reputation for restlessness is likely to be modified by the marvellous pertinacity which we have displayed, in dealing with a controversy that seemed hopeless to all eyes but our own. We had a proper estimate of our strength, our resources, our versatility, joined to a perfect conviction that our cause was just. Were we aware of possessing such endurance? Possibly not. Certainly at the outset we did not contemplate that the battle would last so long. We might have hesitated and shrunk back utterly, had foresight been granted us; but, fortunate in being ignorant, we committed ourselves to the struggle till we should have brought it to an end. The end is not yet, but its dawning is near at hand. From what we have accomplished we guess (and, with a Yankee, guessing is as good as knowing) that the remainder of the job is entirely practicable, and merely a question of time. For we have not only held out, but *held*. Remorseless as the tide which rises, spite of numberless relapses from the beach-line licked by the highest breakers, we have fastened upon territory after territory, settled there, and defied our enemies to loosen our grip. At the head of our armies we have placed two generals whose characteristics are those of the nation—dogged steadfastness, unrelenting endeavor, purpose which cannot be thwarted, patience which cannot be exhausted. These qualities mean victory.

It is in the face of this record, that the evil-minded opponents of the Administration pronounce the war a failure. Neither the army nor the loyal populace believes them. Military failure is simply impossible, provided the peace faction at the North is awed and defeated. The danger does not lie in the want of success, but in the neglect to reap the legitimate fruits of our triumphs. We shall be more nearly undone at the close than on the eve of the final battle, though that disarm the last of our adversaries. In arms our stubbornness is sure to conquer theirs. In negotiation the reverse may be the case. For then will be heard, from without, the appeals for mitigation of sentence from rebel and Copperhead, and, from within, the promptings of magnanimity toward a subjugated foe. Then will come the test of our tenacity—not of muscle or of pocket, but of principle. Then it remains to be seen whether the incense of victory will stupefy our moral perception, so that we receive into our terms of peace a protection for the monster whose death we celebrate. Now, in the agony of undecided conflict, we see clearly that slavery is war and the whole of this war. Now, we are resolved upon its extirpation. In that other day when its brand shall have been broken, shall we esteem it pacified and incapable of further mischief? Shall we, out of pity for its bloody overthrow on the field, allow so much of it as has not been destroyed to linger unmolested, and even to crawl back to the shelter of our Palladium, where coiling, like the snakes that strangled Laocoön, it may repose in security which superstition dare not disturb?

Hold fast! Abide by the programme to which we owe what we have thus far gained. See to it, President! who issued the promise of freedom—see to it, People! who ratified that promise—that the agreement be faithfully kept. Falsehood to this trust would not only be the infamous betrayal of a class but also the destruction of yourselves. The life of slavery is a perpetual plot against the existence of liberty, an unceasing warfare underhand or openly. Neither peace, nor honor, nor democracy, nor unity, can be where the essence of despotism, villany, and discord is tolerated. Grasp firmly, therefore, the musket, but none the less the proclamation. Spare any building in Richmond except the slave-mart. Forgive every crime sooner than that of slaveholding. There is no patriotism outside of emancipation, and that immediate, universal, perpetual.

A CONSIDERATION.

IF there is any fact of the rebellion less doubtful than any other, it is that the seceded States have exhibited very little respect for the Federal Constitution. They refused to submit to its enforcement of the rule of the majority. They subjected its authority and laws to their own enactments. They withdrew themselves entirely from its domain. And, as if to complete the business and to make their attitude unmistakably independent, they constructed a charter for themselves, put it at once into practice, and under it have been sustaining a government for two-thirds of a Presidential term. All this did not occur without frequent abuse of the instrument which had hitherto been their strength, nor, since the old Constitution did not quietly abdicate, without an appeal to violence which we denominate rebellion, but which had more of the nature of a *coup d'état*. One would suppose, that, first by their own volition, and next by their treasonable procedure, these States had forfeited every claim to the privileges and protection of the Constitution; that they stood, in effect, in relation to it as an ordinary criminal to society—meriting penalty and nothing else. By waging war upon the Constitution they lost all the rights which it bestowed, or they lost none. One of their so-called "rights" was to maintain an aristocratic form of government in the midst of a republic. The war for restoring the Union has been conducted, at least for a couple of years, on the theory that this right has been abrogated for those who defied the source from which it arose. A collateral right was that of possessing certain advantages from the aristocratic arrangement, in the national legislature. This, to be sure, they relinquished deliberately by retiring from that body and never offering or desiring to return. Yet there are persons who insist that none of their rights have perished, and of course this is not excepted. Still another right—the actual foundation of the foregoing—was that of voting through electors for the President and Vice-President of the United States.

If the formation of a rival Constitution did not outlaw the seceding States—if treason, and resistance, and bloody assault upon the original instrument in no way affected the rights they derived from it—then the harmless addition of a complete national establishment could scarcely invalidate their right to participate in the general election of the old Union; and South Carolina is entitled, while yet at war with the Federal government, to choose electors, to determine their number on the old basis of slave representation, and to cast her vote in the electoral college for McClellan and Pendleton, if she pleases. If she were to present such a claim to-morrow, it would not be a whit more audacious than that more frequently urged, as it was more frequently allowed, in the early part of the rebellion than now—that the runaway slaves of disloyal masters should be restored to them in accordance with the Constitution—to which Gen. Butler simply answered, "Contraband!" It would not be a whit more preposterous than a dozen similar claims which are made for the South every day by her allies at the North. "If the people," said a Copperhead orator the other day, at Williamsport, Pa., "if the people of the Southern States could vote, McClellan would be elected by an overwhelming majority." More than likely. And what have they done to impair their constitutional right to such a vote?

A KEY-NOTE FOR THE HOUR.

THEODORE TILTON'S SPEECH,

At Latimer Hall, Brooklyn, October 7, 1864.

As other gentlemen have spoken on other topics, let me advert to Slavery. I regret that so many voices, speaking for the Union cause, are silent on this question—pushing it aside as irrelevant. Have they forgotten the Baltimore platform? It stands on two pillars—the overthrow of the rebellion, and the prohibition of slavery. Therefore, when Republican speakers make the war question their only topic, burying the slavery question in silence, they are not faithful to the banner they bear—they tear it in twain, and lift only half. The Baltimore platform lays fully before the people the slavery question. If, therefore, this question is to be lulled to rest in Republican meetings, touched tenderly, called secondary, passed over as a theme on which the less said the better, then one great purpose of the Baltimore platform is already defeated before the day of battle in November. If the presidential issue is only a war issue, what will the victory mean, when gained? It will mean simply, no cessation of hostilities. That is all. But that is not enough. The November vote must be made to mean, not only a settlement of the war question, but of the slavery question. It is lamentable to notice how many influential Republicans are speaking and writing as if we ought, for prudential reasons, to thrust out of sight the nobler half of the Baltimore platform. The constitutional amendment is not awarded its due share in the canvass. It is avoided as a subject which, too freely handled, may endanger the election—may frighten away some voters who mean to vote with us only on condition that the election, when gained, shall mean nothing. Let the Democratic party, if they will, abandon their platform, but let us beware of abandoning ours! The Democratic party, expecting to be defeated, can well afford to change their ground, if only for the sake of entrapping us into changing ours. Nothing will so please the Democrats as to silence Republicans on the slavery question. Our enemies will have everything to gain by that policy—we, everything to lose. This slighting of the main question is dangerous, unmanly, and cowardly. Every Union meeting—in great halls, in schoolhouses, in wigwams, in canvas-tents, in the autumn woods, everywhere—ought to ring echoes to every bell of Liberty struck at Baltimore! Every campaign audience ought to be set cheering the grand principles of the Union platform. This they would do—gladly, boisterously, eloquently—if their speakers were not afraid to risk the experiment of treading on doubtful ground. The American heart, once a rock to the slavery question, now, at any manly stroke, will yield a fountain of sweet waters. Let the pens and tongues of Union men declare to the people, "We mean to redeem the pledge put forth at Baltimore. We mean to keep steadily in view our purpose, not only to conquer the rebellion, but to eradicate its cause. We summon every American who wishes the question settled to come with his vote in November and settle it." There are ominous whisperings in Washington, saying, "We shall conquer at the ballot-box, and in the field; we shall bring the rebellion to its knees; we shall be asked for terms; now what terms shall we grant?" And the counseled answer is, "Make the terms easy for white men and hard for black. Free all slaves who have freed themselves; but, beyond this, shield the surrendering States from the application of the Edict of Freedom." Now, to this, I cry, Shame! Think of it, O, my countrymen! The government is at this moment being counseled to this baseness, to this perjury, to this shame—not that it will heed the Devil's whisper!—but counseled to stand ready for the ignominy of breaking the nation's faith to compromise with the nation's enemy. Gentlemen, our ballots are yet uncast. Let us give fair warning, as we cast them, saying, "This is for the Baltimore platform, every jot and tittle—this is for the overthrow of the rebellion—this is for the death and burial of slavery—this is for a constitutional amendment set upon its grave to watch against its resurrection!" I propose to you, therefore, for your loudest cheers, as a sentiment expressing the true duty of the hour, "No parley with the rebellion in the field: no compromise with slavery in the readjustment" (great applause).

POLITICAL.

Mr. Beecher delivered, last Sunday evening at Plymouth Church, a powerful discourse on the political issues of the day, and informed the audience that he should make this his practice for every Sunday evening till after the election. Those who were not willing to listen, would be thanked for the seats afforded to others. Mr. Beecher's example is deserving of imitation by every preacher in the

witness—that I declared if you make the issue between the existence of slavery and the existence of the government, I say let slavery go, and let the Union live (great applause). And now is the time, while the government has been broken up in fact, and the pieces are lying about dormant, those of them blighted with slavery, now is the time to settle this great question; and every man who has considered the difficulties we had to encounter in 1820, and in 1850, and in 1861, who loves his county, will say, leave slavery out (great cheers). Let the government be paramount, and if the institution of slavery gets in the way of the great car of State, let slavery go and let the nation live (cheers)."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8th, 1864.

THE recent movements upon the James river were not an entire success, and it is stated on very respectable authority that Gen. Grant blames Gen. Meade for mismanagement. It has been stated a half a dozen times that he (Gen. Meade) has been removed, but to-day I can find no evidence that he is not in command of the Army of the Potomac. Checks and even reverses are to be expected in the prosecution of any war, and we have had our full share of them. But we have steadily gained, as the rebels have steadily lost, and we certainly can bear slight losses with equanimity.

Gen. Grant arrived in Washington yesterday forenoon, and has been in close consultation with the President and the Secretary of War in reference to his plans for the future. It is also said that he has been discussing the question of the removal of Gen. Meade. They both dislike to consent to his removal, for he has proved himself to be a faithful officer, and if he sometimes lacks in boldness, he is a very judicious commander. Gen. Grant is considered by many excellent military critics to be lacking in prudence, and if this is true, it is not bad policy to keep Meade where he is as a sort of ballast. Meade is favorable to the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln purely for reasons connected with the prosecution of the war. A majority of our leading Generals are Lincoln men, though nearly all of them were pro slavery and Democratic four years ago. They have not changed in their "politics," as the word is generally understood, but they have become thoroughly convinced that the war should be prosecuted to the bitter end, and they distrust Gen. McClellan. There are thousands of men in the army who like him, and who believe that at heart he is in favor of subduing the rebels, but they do not believe he will be able to carry out his own views, surrounded as he will be by the leaders of the Peace party. They know that he is a timid man—like Horatio Seymour of New York—and that he will not dare to offend the determined leaders of the Peace wing of his party.

The Democrats of this vicinity privately admit that there is no hope for the election of their candidate. "If," say they, "our armies should be very badly whipped at any point, there might be some hope of a reaction which would save McClellan; but it is probably too late now, even if we should meet with heavy disasters."

Everybody is on tip-toe for news from Pennsylvania. McClellan is stronger there than in any free State, except New Jersey, and, if in the Congressional elections we do not lose ground, the State is safe for Lincoln. It is never safe to place too much dependence upon that State, for there is so much ignorance in the Democratic strongholds that argument does little good. *Money* is of great service in some of the Counties of Pennsylvania, and the Democrats have had an abundance of it from various sources. The *Republican* of this city asserts that "British gold" has been sent into the country to aid McClellan. We have heard the story over and over again, in former Presidential contests, but it is more probable now than ever before. Nobody doubts that the English rebels would gladly send a million sterling to this country, if in so doing they could be sure of defeating Mr. Lincoln. But they can't use money to advantage among Republicans. They are too intelligent. It is only among the Democracy that the masses can be bribed, and I doubt if even with them many votes are *bought*. The leaders get the money under the pretence of obtaining votes.

The *Intelligencer* of this morning contains a singular letter from Francis P. Blair, Sen., in reference to the passage in his son's New York speech, which has raised such a breeze in political circles. I refer to his statement that Mr. Lincoln was arranging to give McClellan a command when he was nominated by the Chicago Convention. This statement was incorrect, and most damaging to Mr. Lincoln. The old man Blair says that he undertook the work of bringing McClellan back into the army, as well as the reconcilement of the Conservative and Radical wings of the party. For this purpose he visited Mr. Bryant of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Bennett of the *Herald!* Then he sent for Gen. McClellan, and hinted to him to write for a command to the President, with the understanding that he would not accept a nomination at the hands of his political friends.

The *Intelligencer* is very severe upon Mr. Lincoln in its review of the letter, and insists that he was a party to the offer to Gen. McClellan. There are two or three paragraphs in the review to which I must call your attention:

"There is the end of Mr. Blair's narrative of this transaction. He was called only to explain his share in it. We now see that he had the honor of initiating it, that he first sounded Gen. McClellan on the delicate subject, *and that he then made report thereon to the President, who, instead of rejecting the proposition, proceeded, as we learn from Mr Montgomery Blair, to 'concert' with Gen. Grant for carrying the arrangement into effect.* We thus see that the President endorsed the proposition of Mr. Blair, and made it his own in a way which betrayed the greatest possible alacrity to profit by it; for he did not even wait to receive the letter which Mr. Blair had signified would be the evidence that Gen. McClellan had agreed to his part of the proposed bargain. Gen. McClellan never wrote any such letter, and yet we have the testimony of the Ex-Postmaster-General in proof that the terms of the arrangement were 'concerted' between the President and Gen. Grant.

"How brightly the conduct of Gen. McClellan shines in honorable contrast with these underhand schemes of personal aggrandizement thus brought to light! He received the proposition with the courtesy due to its venerable author, but he treated it with the silence due to his own sense of personal dignity. For nearly two years he had been removed from his command, and his services thereby forfeited to the country. The President during all this period knew that he was as ready as ever to draw his sword in defence of the Constitution and in maintenance of the Union, but he was left in undisturbed retirement, while men notoriously his inferiors in every quality of personal and professional character were placed in high command. *So long as it was only the welfare of the country which was at stake, he was treated with studied neglect, but when the success of the Republican party is in jeopardy, the President is straightway ready to 'concert' an arrangement for bringing him again into the field, provided he will give the requisite pledge—of capacity, of loyalty, of honesty? Not so, but a pledge that he is willing to renounce the possibility of coming into competition with the President's aspirations to a reelection!"*

This is severe, but it is unjust. If the charges against the President *were true*, then, indeed, no honorable man could for a moment justify his conduct, for the act charged upon him is the act of a base political huckster. The fact is, that Montgomery Blair *did not tell the truth* in his New York speech, and I see that some of his former ardent supporters are now eager to make this fact known. He had no intention of deceiving anybody—I will give him this credit—but having heard what his father had done, he spoke rather loosely upon the subject in a public speech.

As for the President, under the circumstances, the matter will do him no particular harm, for the tide is strong enough and high enough to carry him over more than one sandbar. With the tide against him, it might have been his ruin. No doubt in his good nature he at one time thought of permitting Gen. McClellan to return to a command in the army, perhaps at the suggestion of Gen. Grant, but if it had not been for the intermeddling of the "Conservative" Blairs nothing would have been known of the transaction, and there was really nothing in it. As it has turned out, his connection with the Blairs has cost him dear, and doubtless he will learn a lesson by it. That they are the honest friends of the President no one doubts, but they were injudicious friends. No "Radical" that I know of could have led the President into such trouble. However, "all's well that ends well," and everything is to end well in the canvass. AVON.

THOMAS NAST will not let the rebels alone. His broadside this week in Harper's *Weekly* is one of his most masterly efforts. He illustrates in appropriate vignettes the Chicago platform, with gunboat McClellan in the centre, surrounding by stinging pictorial satires which must quicken the blood of every loyal man. Copperheads had better avoid this number of the paper, for it is filled besides with unpleasant reminders of our late substantial victories in the Shenandoah Valley.

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

"FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION (OF PHILADELPHIA) FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMAN" have coöperated with government in the establishment of Hospitals on Mason's Island, where much sickness and great destitution now exist. The undersigned, a Sanitary Committee of said Association, solicit from Friends and others, contributions of Hospital Stores, which will be judiciously distributed by nurses and teachers sent out by the Association to Mason's Island, Camp Wadsworth, and other points in the vicinity of Washington.

The articles most needed are dried fruits—such as apples, peaches, cherries, plums and blackberries; dried beef and hams, onions, beets and dried rusk; also blackberry and other syrups, and all other articles suitable for the sick and convalescent.

Contributions of bed-covering and clothing for women and children will be very acceptable, as they are greatly needed. Free transportation has been granted by government from Philadelphia.

All contributions should be sent to J. & M. SAUNDERS, 34 North-Fourth street, Philadelphia.

LOUISA J. ROBERTS, GEORGE W. ROBINS,
MACPHERSON SAUNDERS, SPENCER ROBERTS,
MARTHA DODGSON, NATHAN W. ELLIS,
JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR.

Philadelphia, Ninth Month, 10th, 1864.

A HOME FOR AGED COLORED PEOPLE.

AMONG the Benevolent Institutions of Philadelphia, are at least three Homes for widows and single women, and one for old men, but none for the aged amongst the people of color. Few that have mingled amongst them but can call to mind some aged or infirm persons who, after striving through a series of years to maintain themselves comfortably, are at last brought by age or sickness to seek the aid of others. These are often found in some smoky garret or damp cellar with few of the comforts of life—preferring to live on what little they can make by sewing carpet-rags or other light employment (aided by charity), than to go to the alms house. Amongst them we may find some of the most sincere and devoted Christians, whom others more favored temporally would do well to imitate, and the aiding of whom will carry a blessing with it.

With a view to the organization of a Home for these aged and infirm ones, an adjourned meeting will be held on 2d day (Monday) evening, 10th month, 17th, at 8 o'clock, at 109 North-Tenth Street, 2d story, where all friends of the colored people willing to aid in its establishment are invited. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England," by Robert Carter, is a book which it is a little unseasonable to notice, but which may be perused even now with profit, and with an eye to imitation next Summer, if the reader shall so elect. The narrrative, it seems to us, is less attractive because of adventure than for the geographical information which it contains concerning the ports on the coast from Provincetown north to Deer Island, as well as for its ichthyological descriptions, some of which, the author remarks in his preface, are original and valuable contributions to natural history. Apart from these chief points there is little of interest, save a few humorous anecdotes, occasional bits of history, and some incidents. The following extract is for those who remember Whittier's poem on Skipper Ireson, who perhaps cannot be proved to have manifested the hard-heartedness with which he was charged. At least, the doubt lies between his ability and his desire to rescue his imperilled fellow-men. The scene is Marblehead harbor:

We witnessed a glorious sunset, which set off to great advantage the picturesque old town with its quaint houses and ragged heights. As I sat on deck gazing at it, I repeated the lines which Whittier's ballad in the *Atlantic Monthly* have made familiar to the public:

"Skipper Flood Ireson, for his hard heart,
Was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart."

"I was in that scrape," said the old pilot, who overheard me.

"The deuce you were! Why, it happened long before you were born," said I, with an indistinct impression that the "scrape," as he called it, was a pre-Revolutionary affair.

"It happened fifty years ago, when I was eighteen years old, and I was one of them that dragged Ireson in his dory over to Salem after he was tarred and feathered."

The old man proceeded to relate what he remembered of the transaction. Skipper Ireson, it will be recollected, basely passed a wreck on which were four or five men appealing to him to rescue them. He left them to perish, his townspeople of Marblehead thought, because he begrudged the cost of keeping them on board his vessel for even the short passage from Cape Cod to Cape Ann. The circumstances becoming known, the indignant Marbleheaders tarred and feathered him, put him in the boat of his own vessel, and dragged him as far as the entrance of Salem. There they were stopped by the selectmen of that town, who informed them that an enraged mob was waiting for them with the intention of hanging Ireson. According to our pilot, upon hearing this the Marblehead mob turned back and took their victim home, *because they had been strictly charged by the Selectmen of Marblehead to take care that he sustained no serious injury*—a circumstance which indicates a strange mixture of order and lawlessness in the proceeding.

The traditional story used by Whittier, that Ireson repeated, as he was carried along, the verses:

"I, Flood Ireson, for my hard heart,
Am tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart"—

the pilot pronounced untrue. The verses were made afterward by the boys.

Ireson endured his punishment with fortitude, sitting like a statue and uttering not a word, except once; the weather being extremely cold, he asked for some grog to warm him, when about half-way on the road to Salem. His request was granted, and he made the rest of his unpleasant expedition in silence. He lived till within a few years, and was a commander of ships almost to the time of his death, the merchants favoring him because he was noted for successful voyages.

(Boston: Crosby & Nichols; New York: O. S. Felt.)

OBITUARY.

MARY ANN COOPER.

DIED, on the 16th of 9th month, 1864, in her 61st year, MARY ANN (Peart) COOPER, wife of John Cooper, Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa., after a protracted illness which was attended with much weakness and suffering.

The mind of the deceased was impressed at an early age with the importance of virtue, the love of which and its daily practice developed those finer traits of character which prepared her for a larger field of enjoyment and usefulness in after life.

Her education was of the simplest kind, but it made lasting impressions. She read to find at the onset a proof of that love which shall never perish, and wrote with sufficient clearness to communicate tender thoughts and comforting words, in seemly language, as they welled up from her heart, which she always kept fresh.

Always quick to feel and act. She was an ardent sympathizer with the unfortunate, the poor, and the enslaved, without regard to station, name or color. She had a liberal, living charity, which endured long and was ever active.

For the hungered, she had food, for the naked, raiment, and for the poor slave, toiling under the lash of unprincipled masters, she had a well spring of sympathy and pleading words which she earnestly and freely gave during half her life to the great cause of human liberty.

Her friends were "few but fit," and these only knew the thoughts of loveliness which were organized in her being and made the sweet burden of the simple Christian life she led.

She was cheerful in her communications and labor, always sincere, chaste in conversation, circumspect in manner, earnestly devoted to family and friends, and kind and forgiving in disposition.

Her home was hospitable and free, and was ever blessed with a largeness of that ministering love which was the active principle of her social labor. Her mind was molded into a find perception of the beautiful in nature and art, which she much enjoyed, but to her the greatest beauty was the beauty of holiness, which she illustrated in her life.

She had to contend with much physical weakness, formed of nerve, rather than muscle. She felt more than wrought, and yet her body served her soul well. Even with this feeble power, as with the long suffering of her final sickness she bore patiently, and during the more painful hours of that trying illness she loat no confidence in the fulfilment of that holy hope which points to a blessed existence beyond the grave.

Her purity and piety proved a safe anchor, holding fast in the wreck of health and she found a firm footing of faith in the vast idea of immortality, in which she always firmly believed and was now soon to enjoy. Suffering much, and fast loaing her hold of earth, she cried in her dissolution, "O, Holy One, take me home, away from all care and sorrow. I long to be at rest with thee, take me, take me home."

Thus departed the loving wife, the affectionate mother, the kind friend, the faithful servant of our Redeemer.

She prayed to be taken to rest, we therefore should not wish her back again, nor should we refuse to be comforted, because she would not have us grieve for her. She does not suffer now, but has said, "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM resembles the pump which an Italian nobleman set, *pro bono publico*, in the wall dividing his villa from the highway. The ingenious proprietor had placed the handle on the outer side, and had so contrived the nose that the most laborious exertions of the energetic wayfarer yielded only a very slender return of water, while a back outlet conducted the generous surplus to the strawberry-beds which lay beyond. So the sum of Democratic effort at Chicago, to establish the patriotic loyalty of the party, was a very equivocal expression of sympathy for our soldiers, and a promise to cherish them in the day of power (not redeemable with the right of suffrage), while the rest of the declaration of sentiments made every rebel gutter gurgle with joy, and helped to fatten the fields of the Confederacy.

The *Tribune*, in quoting our allusion of last week to the lineage of Gen. Charles J. Paine, commanding the colored division on the James, remarks:

"We know of Gen. Paine as an officer who was of the utmost Boston-conservative stamp before the war, but who now deems himself honored in the command of a colored brigade, and who is entitled to divide with his black heroes the laurels of their victory. He is one of the men whose position is a landmark to show the advance of public opinion about negroes. We should rather like to see the indignant look with which this young General will meet the question now 'whether negroes will fight?' And we should like to hear what the armies on the James will say, when they are told that Gen. McClellan stands pledged to tear the uniforms off these brave colored troops whom white troops are proud to claim as comrades!"

KING COTTON ABDICATES.—Jeff. Davis, in his speech at Montgomery, expressed his "thankfulness that the great staple of the South had been superseded by grain and produce for the support of our armies in the field." This may be welcome news to hungry rebels, but not to the vassals of the haughty monarch whose death is here proclaimed with rejoicing. What becomes of a cotton aristocracy dictating terms to the universe? Must it too feed its belly before it can deck itself in ribbons? And what if there must needs be a probationary, intermediate nobility of hemp?

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents*. On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

THE EDITOR of the STANDARD left Boston yesterday in company with Geo. Thompson, Esq, on a tour through Vermont, where it is hoped Mr. T. will obtain an opportunity to address the State Legislature.

THE article on "The Two Carlyles," in the *Christian Examiner*, belongs to the Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke, and not to Mr. Wasson, as we mistakenly credited it.

WE call attention to the advertisement in another column, headed "Music and the English Branches."

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

ON Friday, the 7th inst., the rebels in large force sought to recover the line which Gen. Butler took from them. They succeeded in driving Kautz's cavalry from its position and capturing its guns, but they were seriously repulsed from Gen. Birney's line of infantry, and the latter afterwards taking the offensive, by order of Gen. Butler, regained the lost works, and shut the rebels within their inner fortifications. The preponderance of advantage was upon our side, both as regards the positions held at the last and the loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The rebel Gen. Gregg was killed.

Sheridan has begun to retire down the valley of the Shenandoah, which he devastates as he goes, making it incapable of sustaining a rebel army, or even the inhabitants themselves, who are, for the most part, thoroughly disloyal, and have annoyed his connections ever since he started, with guerilla depredations and murders. On the 8th, being followed by a large cavalry force of the enemy under Gen. Rosser, he halted for a day, "in order to settle this new cavalry General," and did so very effectually. Our cavalry first routed and then pursued their adversaries twenty-six miles, captured 11 guns and 300 prisoners. Some of the former were fresh from the Tredegar Works, and had never been fired.

Successful operations have taken place in East Tennessee, and the rebel forces which have been tampering with Sherman's communications have suffered a number of disastrous defeats in collision with our forces. An attack on Allatoona, a place in Georgia on the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and the depot for a large portion of Sherman's supplies, was attacked on the 5th, to the cost of the assailants, who left their dead and 400 wounded in our hands.

Gen. Price's invasion of Missouri has met with some checks, and Union armies are advancing in front and upon his rear.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.

FELT SLIGHTED.

Capt. Hoff, of the Soldier's Rest at Alexandria, tells a good story respecting a colored man who applied to him a few days ago for employment. He being an able bodied fellow, the Captain asked him why he did not enlist. "Well, Captain," he replied, "I jess as lif go an' fight as not if dey would treat us same as dey do white folks." The Captain assured him that the government were disposed to treat the colored troops with perfect fairness. "*Den, why don't dey draff us?*" exclaimed he. "Dey don't draff us in Alexandria." Dey oughter draff us same as white folks!"

THE COLORED GARRISON AT SHIP ISLAND.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes a recent inspection at that post by order of Gen. Canby: "The garrison of Ship Island at present consists of but five companies of the 74th Colored Infantry under the command of Col. Hamisteadt, but these five companies, owing to a recent consolidation, amount to no less than five hundred and fifty effective men. As each company marched out on the beach from their quarters to take their place in the line, the soldier-like bearing of each and every man at once attracted my attention. I had anticipated, as is the case of every regiment of colored troops that I have seen in this department, the usual dirty appearance and shuffling, shambling gait that naturally characterizes the negro, but when instead of this I beheld the upright, manly, and decisive step of these troops I must confess that I was totally and agreeably astonished; every knapsack tightly packed, and its blanket neatly rolled and strapped on top, every musket and bayonet polished until it shone and glistened like burnished steel, and every accoutrement brought up to the highest standard of military perfection. When they came to perform the usual manœuvres attending a review, I received a still greater surprise, for the '*dusky column*' as it formed line, wheeled, broke into companies, etc., put to shame many of our crack WHITE regiments."

A DISTINGUISHED SUBSTITUTE.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, although not subject to the draft, some time ago furnished a white representative for the army. He was in Alexandria last week, and it so happened that he was present at the mustering in of a colored company. Feeling anxious to contribute once more towards putting down the rebellion, he asked of the colored persons present if there was one among them who would like to represent him in the army. He had hardly asked the question before it was answered in the affirmative, "I will." What is your name? asked the gentleman from Pennsylvania. "William Cullen Bryant," was the answer. William Cullen Bryant was then called forward and received the three hundred dollars bounty from Mr. Grow's own hand.

BRAVERY OF THE COLORED TROOPS.

All accounts concur in the statement that the negro troops fought with the greatest bravery in the attack on the rebel works north of the James. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says, for instance:

"In addition to the natural defence, a formidable *abattis* was placed along the entire line of the work. This was the line that the colored troops were required to carry. Gen. Paine made his dispositions excellently, and the order was given to move forward without firing a shot, and to take the work at the point of the bayonet. This order the negroes obeyed to the very letter, but at a great sacrifice of life. They went at their work with a cheer and a rush. The rebels behind the breastworks took deliberate aim upon them as they advanced, and almost every shot brought down a man. Still the dusky heroes went on unwaveringly, each step forward leaving a row of dead behind. No stopping to load and fire, no sounds from them but cheering. It was a wonderful, a sublime sight to see these black men stand up to the rack. It took 20 minutes to cross the field of death and drive the rebels out of their position. It cost at least 200 men, killed outright. There were comparatively few wounded to bring off the field. The officers of the colored regiments bravely stood up with their men, and many of them fell with them.

Two hours after the line of works had been carried, I rode over the field. I counted 105 dead bodies, nameless black men, who had won the title of "hero" by their unflinching courage in going through this terrible ordeal. Who dare say, after this, that negroes will not fight? To-day their praises have been on every tongue, and too much cannot be said in appreciation of their courage."

Subsequently they made an attack upon a strong fortification at Laurel Hill. They were exposed to a terrible raking fire, as they approached, but a considerable number succeeded in reaching the ditch, when the enemy hurled hand grenades upon them. Twenty of the swarthy heroes leaped upon the parapet of the fort, but was shot down.

It is eighty thousand such men under arms that the Democrats ask us to disarm, because they are "niggers," and because "they won't fight."

Summary.

MARTIN H. FREEMAN, a colored graduate of Middlebury College, has sailed for Liberia, to take a professor ship in the Liberia College.

Our government continues its official relations with the Liberal or Constitutional government of Mexico, and the President has recently recognized Jose Santero Prieto as Consul of that Republic at the port of San Francisco.

Mr. Banting, the English anti-obesity man, has been trying his system with the Princess Mary, of Cambridge, whose embonpoint is troublesome to her. By abstaining from bread, potatoes and milk the lady wanes apace.

Mr. Disraeli has made one of his magnificent speeches at an agricultural dinner in Buckinghamshire, in course of which he alluded to the American war, stating, "I ventured to say that it would be a long war, because the causes had been for a long time in preparation. The emancipation of a race, the creation or the defence of national independence, or the maintenance of a great empire—when causes of this kind lead people to enter into war, they must not be confounded with those comparatively small causes which have brought about the generality of European wars in modern times."

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—The gentleman who was open to correction has been completely shut-up by an enterprising friend.

"It is a great mistake," says Mr. Webb, in his sprightly *Californian*, "to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the Flood—it was a comfortable thing to be in the minority then—and they've been wrong several times since."

While Abraham Lincoln has at all times, and under all circumstances, exerted his influence to procure for the soldiers in the field the right to vote, George B. McClellan declared in favor of Judge Woodward (Copperhead), of Pennsylvania, who *decided against the right of the soldiers to vote!* The soldiers will remember this, and they will also remember that this man Woodward is an avowed Secessionist, who wanted the lines drawn north of Pennsylvania.—*Albany Journal.*

BISHOP COLENSO, who was interdicted from preaching at Claybrook Church, in Leicestershire, on Sunday morning, addressed a large number of persons in the open air in the evening. The clergyman who invited the Bishop to preach is rector of Lutterworth and vicar of Claybrook, and, through his curate, he justified the course he had taken. He yielded obedience to the mandate of the Bishop of Peterborough, but he "heartily and entirely approved of the work done by the Bishop of Natal." He believed Bishop Colenso "to be a true and faithful servant of God, who was doing his utmost to advance the cause of true religion and to promote the solid, lasting welfare of the National Church."

THE HAYTIAN SENATE CHAMBER is undergoing renovation, preparatory to the formal opening of the legislative session this year. The main door of the chamber is to be surmounted by a large painting representing John Brown crowned by Oge and Chevanne—the two martyrs of 1790, put to a cruel death after capture in battle, because they had attempted to enforce the decree of the French Assembly that the men of color should be admitted to the Colonial Assembly.

"ON THIS SIDE OR THAT."—Hosea Biglow, in the following verse, has drawn with skill the class of politicians who are now running a war candidate on a peace platform. All that they ask of McClellan is that he shall "stay unintelligible":

We'd assumed with gret skill a commandin' position,
On this side or that, *no one couldn't tell wich one*,
So, wutever side wipped, we'd a chance at the plunder,
And could sue fer infringin' our paytented thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever was eligible,
Ef on all pints at isso he'd stay unintelligible.

GEN. BUTLER'S VOLUNTEER AID.—Gen. Butler lately had occasion to receive on his Staff a volunteer Aid. Hearing this fact, Gen. Halleck addressed Gen. Butler a letter, in which he quoted from a circular issued by Gen. McClellan, forbidding the appointment of volunteer Aids, and requested to be informed whether the officer in question was expected to be paid. Gen. Butler replied, stating that he was not aware that Gen. McClellan commanded the army; that he was very sure he did not command his department. He further added that as he was not a French gentleman, there was no likehood of his embroiling us with foreign nations: that he was appointed on his staff because his services were valuable, and that he presumed the United States government would find funds enough to pay him withal.—*Times.*

THE RAILWAY THROUGH THE APENNINES.—The *Corriere dell' Emilia* of Bologna says: "On the evening of the 31st August there only remained ten metres of the tunnel beneath the Apennines to be pierced. The passage will therefore be completed about the 10th September, but from 30 to 40 days more will be necessary to terminate the widening of the gallery and the masonry. The works on the southern slope of the mountain are so far terminated that the engineers of the company have been able to run down the incline in small waggons set in motion by their own weight. The line is expected to be ready for examination by the governmental commission about the 15th October, and to be opened about the 1st November. Tuscany will then be united not only to Bologna but to Milan Turin, etc.

Here is a very good anecdote, reminding one somewhat of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy":

During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued

"What's your name?"
"My name's Sam."
"Sam what?"
"No Sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam*."
"What's your other name?"
"I hasn't got no oder name, Sah. I'se Sam—dat's all."
"What's your master's name?"
"I'se got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se free nigger now."
"Well, what's your father and mother's name?"
"I'se got none, Sah—neber had none. I's jist Sam—ain't nobody else."
"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"
"No, Sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.*"

A PROFITABLE MIRACLE.—A correspondent of the London *Star* says that in Madrid, recently, a soldier was arrested for having stolen a gold cup of considerable value which had been placed as a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated in that city to the Virgin. The soldier at once explained that he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that, while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and with a charming smile handed him the golden cup.

The Court were astonished at this miracle, and handed the case over to an ecclesiastical commission, who gave the cup to the soldier, but warned him for the future against similar favors from images of any kind, and impressed him that the Virgin required profound silence from him as a proof of his gratitude. They doubtless thought that however inconvenient the admission of the miracle might be, it would be highly impolitic to dispute its possibility.

CAMP CURTIN, Sept. 21, 1864.

.... Coming up in the cars in *citizen's clothes*, I talked Peace Democracy to some officers, until they were on the verge of assaulting me, when I jumped up and called out, "Are there no Peace Democrats in this car who will stand by me, or am I to be outraged by these hirelings of Lincoln?"

Five heroic Pennsylvanians sprang up and said:

"We'll see you through."

"Are you Peace men?" said I; "are you for the cessation of this bloody war and the granting to the South her independence?"

"Yes, we are," they answered.

"Well," I yelled, "you—traitors, I am an officer of the army, and an abolitionist, and if these officers consent, we'll stop the train and hang you to the first tree!"

For a moment all hands were silent—then they saw the sell, and the whole car burst into a roar, and the sneaks slunk back into their seats and were heard no more.....

Two correspondents sent to us yesterday passages from Tennyson—the gleanings of a Sunday afternoon among the poets, perhaps—illustrative of events now passing. One sends us a passage from the "Lady of Shalott," which, after introducing a single capital, he appropriately names—

"THE CROPS OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"Only reapers, reaping Early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly."

The other sends us some lines which he thinks admirably adapted to President Lincoln:

"Ah, God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and ever by;
One still strong man in a blatant land;
Whatever they call him, what care I;
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie."

—*Boston Advertiser.*

CENSUS OF THE FREEDMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Col. Eaton, General Superintendent of Freedmen for the Department of the Tennessee and the State of Arkansas makes the following interesting report:

"This supervision, embracing the territory within the lines of our army from Cairo down the Mississippi to the Red River, together with the State of Arkansas, numbered in its care during past year 113,650 freedmen. These are now disposed as follows: In military service, as soldiers, laundresses, cooks, officers' servants, and laborers in the various staff departments, 41,150; in cities, on plantations and in freedmen's villages and cared for, 72,500. Of these 62,300 are entirely self-supporting—the same as any industrial class anywhere—as planters, mechanics, barbers, hackmen, draymen, etc., conducting enterprises on their own responsibility, or as hired laborers. The remaining 10,200 receive subsistence from the government. 3,000 of them are members of families, whose heads are carrying on plantations, and have under cultivation 4,000 acres of cotton; and are to pay the government for their subsistence from the first income of the crop. The other 7,200 includes the paupers (those over and under the self-supporting age, the crippled and sick in hospital), of the 113,650, and those engaged in their care; and instead of being unproductive, have now under cultivation 500 acres of corn, 760 acres of vegetables, and 1,500 acres of cotton—besides the work done at wood-chopping, etc.

"There are reported in the aggregate something over 100,000 acres of cotton under cultivation. Of these about 7,000 acres are leased and cultivated by blacks. Some of these are managing as high as 300 or 400 acres. It is impossible to give, at the present date, any definite statement of many of the forms of industry; 59,000 cords of wood are reported to me by Col. Thomas, Superintendent and Provost-Marshal of Freedmen, as cut within the line of 110 miles on the river banks above and below Vicksburg. It would only be a guess to state the entire amount cut by the people under this supervision; it must be enormous. The people have been paid from 50 cents to $2 50 per cord for cutting. This wood has been essential to the commercial and military operations on the river.

"Of the 113,650 blacks above mentioned, 13,320 have been under instructions in letters; about 4,000 have learned to read quite fairly, and about 2 000 to write.

GOV. ANDREW'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.—A correspondent of the portland *Transcript*, writing from Windham, says:

"A fire broke out in the shoe shop of James Smith, in Windham, on Sunday night last, destroying the building and all its contents. No insurance—loss about $700. The building was put up by Jonathan Andrew, of this town, for a study room, in which his two sons, under the care of a private teacher, were fitted for the academy—one of whom now holds the office of Governor of Massachusetts. Since that time the old school-room has been moved to thirteen different places—first used as a school room, then a confectionery store, then a grog shop, then a place for storing apples, then a store room for the sack business, and so on, being used at each place for a different purpose. Twice it has been out of town and twice returned."

A SMOKING MACHINE.—The Salem *Gazette* describes a curious peice of mechanism invented in that city. "It consists of the figure of a man seated in a common chair and holding a cigar in his mouth. By winding up a weight, and thus setting in motion an ingenous piece of machinery, the cigar, when lighted, and also the mouth of the figure, are made, at regular intervals, to emit a steady stream of smoke, interspersed with puffs, that a professional smoker could not excel. By this process a cigar will be smoked up as quickly and naturally as a living man could do it. This is by far the most sensible method of disposing of the weed that has come to our knowledge. We recommend its universal adoption in place of the human machine.

O TEMPORA!—The "Thunderer's" memory is as short as that of most liars. *Ecce signum:*

Nov. 26, 1860.

"It is evident on the smallest reflection that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North. A few hundred slave-owners, trembling nightly with visions of murder and pillage, backed by a dissolute population of 'poor whites,' are no match for the hardy and resolute populations of the free States."—*Times.*

Sept. 14, 1864.

"We trust the public will admit that they have not been misguided by our comments on this obstinate contest. The great fact which we asserted from the first has now been placed beyond reach of controversy. We said that the North could never subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion!"—*Times.*

Advertisements.

TO COLORED SOLDIERS—discharged—for wounds *Received in Battle*, $100 Bounty can be paid by bringing or sending Discharge to this Agency. Also the Difference of Pay between $7 and $13 per month, and other allowances due to all Discharged Colored Soldiers, and can be paid by Applying at this Office Letters of Inquiries will be answered.
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CLASSES.—For Ladies exclusively at half-past 10, A. M.; for Misses and Masters, half past 3, P. M.; for Ladies and Gentlemen, half past 7, P. M.
TERMS.—First Course of 24 Lessons, 2 per week, $15,00; each succeeding Course, $12,00; for Six months, $25.00; the season, $30.00.
Private Lessons at Unoccupied Hours. Payment Invariably in Advance.
"Mrs. Plumb's Academy is a permanent local institution—a Family Gymnasium, where healthful recreation can be obtained under the most advantageous circumstances."—*Evening Post.*
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"Mrs. Plumb is thoroughly skilful in her professional duties; she has a delightful hall for her pupils, and she is really a benefactor to the community."—*Christian Ambassador.*
"Too much cannot be said of the pleasure, interest and health which are derived from even one course of lessons of this exercise, applied on scientific principles."—*Tribune.*
"Mrs. Plumb has made her Academy at No. 59 West Fourteenth Street a Family Gymnasium, where parents and children may enjoy pleasurable and profitable exercise."—*Daily World.*
"We advise all our friends who suffer fatigue from exercise, to try a few lessons, and we venture they will find them a delightful social pleasure, more entertaining than the theatre."—*American Baptist.*

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Proposal for
"THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

On the 1st of October next the subscribers propose to commence the publication of a New Monthly Magazine, to be known as "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

Its aim and purpose will be to recognize, faithfully record, and in the spirit of Fraternity, to stimulate the World's Progress.

With an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the conductors of the New Magazine will seek to exercise, through its columns, a wide and genial friendship for all true, social, industrial, educational, philanthropic, and religious movements.

The country abounds in Political Newspapers. We have not a few Scientific, Art, Agricultural and Medical Journals. There are Religious Periodicals for every distinct sect, and papers devoted to single departments of human progress—as for example: Anti-Tobacco, Temperance, Health, Dress, Land and Moral Reform, Anti-Slavery, Spiritual and Human Rights Organs; also, distinctively

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FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

GARRISON.

Fixed as the granite mountains stand,
While sulph'rous lightnings round them flash,
Or rock-bound islands, firmly grand,
While stormy oceans 'gainst them dash,
So, Freedom, stands thy noble son,
The ever faithful Garrison.

In vain the sland'rer wings his dart
With angry zeal and envious eye,
Back from the pure unsullied heart
The foiled and broken missiles fly;
Justice and Truth and Freedom claim
The post to guard their warrior's fame.

No traitor blood corrupts his veins;
No shrinking nerve, no jaundiced eye;
He rose to break the bondman's chains,
Resolved to do—perhaps to die.
Though friends desert, or foes defame,
He swerves not from his righteous aim.

Well Afric's ransom'd children know
The mighty debt they yet will pay,
When, victors o'er their tyrant foe,
They hail their independent day.
The grateful voice to heav'n they'll raise,
Bearing their benefactor's praise.

Go search the world on ev'ry shore,
Where Freedom owns a faithful son,
And garner'd in his bosom's core
You'll find the name of Garrison.
Freedom has fix'd his image there,
And prompts the heart his toils to share.

Will he who arm'd him for the fight,
And led him still to vict'ry on,
Desert the cause of truth and right,
Abandon thee, brave Garrison?
A voice is heard from Calvary's hill,
"Fear not, for I am with thee still";

With thee as when in Freedom's van
Thou strove to beat oppression down,
When battling for the rights of man
Thou scarce escaped the martyr's crown;
With thee to sanction ev'ry stroke
To rend the chain or break the yoke.

The nation's voice is with thee now,
At first in whispers soft and low,
But now it shakes the mountain's brow,
A terror to the guilty foe.
Justice and Freedom, hand in hand,
Shall marshal vict'ry round the land.

Though treason with chameleon pow'r
May change its colors to deceive,
Its fate is seal'd, its final hour
Will leave it scarce a friend to grieve,
And those who follow'd in its train
May mourn their blighted hopes in vain.

Weymouth, Mass. F. M. ADLINGTON.

PROPHETS WHO HAVE BEEN SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.

A SERMON

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.*

"Prophets who have been since the world began."—*Luke i.* 70.

A PROPHET is not merely one who foresees, who knows the future, who beholds events as they draw near: he is this, and more. He is not merely one who rebukes a nation's sins. Prophets do that; but that is not all they do. He is not merely one who teaches truth. The essential thing which makes him a prophet lies deeper than any of these partial definitions take us. A prophet is one who goes back of all traditions in religion to the original reality; behind all creeds, to the primal insights out of which they grew; beneath all expediency, to the creative law of justice and eternal right. This makes him a prophet; this helps him to foresee; this charges him full of noble indignation against all falsifiers of truth, and betrayers of justice. Such men are naturally and necessarily the teachers of their race. They do not teach officially as a profession, but from the need of utterance. He who sees, must say what he sees. "We also believe, and therefore speak."

The prophetic element, therefore, is not necessarily anything miraculous or exceptional. The prophetic faculty is the natural, not the unnatural, condition of man. All men foresee and foretell in proportion as they have any manliness of soul, and force of intellect. Half of the conversation of every day turns upon what is to happen to-morrow. Farmers ask each other what sort of weather it will be the coming week. Merchants inquire what will be the condition of the market three months hence. Brokers foretell the effect of such and such events on the money-market. No man lives, who does not constantly look forward to foresee and to foretell what is to come. People often make mistakes; but that does not prevent them from trying again; for the instinct of the soul compels them to look forward. We may say, therefore, that prophecy is one of the natural faculties of the soul, just as much as reason or imagination.

You think, perhaps, that I am confounding different things—natural sagacity, which foretells events by knowledge of the laws which produce them; and spiritual foresight, born of inspiration, which foretells the events sent by God. But is there such a distinction? Are not all events sent by God? Our Saviour blames the Jews because they could not foresee the spiritual events about to come, when they could foresee the weather to-day or to-morrow. "He said to the people, When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And, when ye see the south wind blow, ye say. There will be heat; and it cometh to pass. Ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth, but how is it that ye do not discern this time?" As though he had said, "The same sagacity which, applied to temporal things, enables you to foresee earthly changes which are to come; if applied to spiritual things, would enable you to foresee spiritual events which are to come."

Jesus called them "hypocrites," because they professed to be the religious leaders of their nation, and yet had no such perception of coming religious events as they had of every-day affairs. It was their business to foresee the coming of the Christ, and to notice the signs of his coming; and they did not do it. This shows that they did not really care about it as they professed to care. Everyone can foresee in his own department of thought in which he is really interested. Napoleon could foresee just what his enemy would do, because he was interested in the game of war. Before he left Paris for his last campaign, which ended at Waterloo, he said, "Wellington lies with eighty thousand men in front of Brussels. Blucher lies with a hundred and twenty thousand Prussians on his left. These two armies are intended by their commanders to support each other, and their two wings to come together; but they probably do not. Probably they have left a vacant space of four or five miles between them. I will throw my army into that space, and strike them separately, first one, then the other, before they can combine." He found it exactly so. And half of his success in war lay in this power of military prophecy, by which he could throw himself, in imagination, into the position of his enemies, and so foretell exactly what they would do. Every man is thus a prophet in the things he cares for. Those who care most of all for religious truth, for the spiritual progress of mankind, for the advance of a great moral cause, can foresee in that direction, and are prophets to other men. Jesus therefore blamed the Pharisees, and justly, for not being prophets in religion, when they could prophesy so easily in regard to common things.

Therefore the Jewish prophets were not the first nor the last prophets in religion: there were prophets before them, so our text declares—"prophets who have been since the world began." Not only all men, as we have said, have something of the prophetic element in them, but God has other prophets, mighty forelookers and foretellers, who have been since the world began.

For example: Nature is "a prophet who has been since the world began." The facts of nature look forward to a result, as well as backward to a cause. Nature contains both the law and the prophets—universal divine laws, yet these laws tending always to sure providential ends.

I go in the Spring to a seed-store, and I buy packages of flower-seeds. They come from Germany. I open a package, and I find twelve little papers containing twelve varieties of some flower—asters, for example. There are a dozen little seeds in each paper. They look alike; but I know, if I plant them apart, when they come up, each seed will produce its own flower, with its own color— white or purple or scarlet, as the case may be. Each little seed is a prophet, foretelling what is to come out of it. Each seed, bearing fruit after its kind, has, since the world began, been a prophecy and promise to man, that, if the sowing does not fail in the Spring, the harvest shall come in the Autumn.

Look at the human eye. Consider its wonderful formation, its lenses, adapted to refract light, and bring it to a focus on the retina, yet without dispersing the ray. In the first human eye was a prophecy of all that the eye was to do—a prediction and promise of sunlight, moonlight, twilight—of all the forms of beauty and wonder which cover the earth. When God made the eye, he foretold light; he predicted sun, moon, stars; he announced the coming of beauty, grace, symmetry—every glory of sunrise, every magnificence of evening. And, when God made the human hand, he foretold in its construction all it was to do, all the human arts which were to come from its use.

All nature is strewn with prophecies, had we but intelligence to read them. The very form of the continents, with their seas, mountains, plains, foretells the course of human affairs. Geography foretells history. The great level plains of Central Asia foretold the nomad tribes of herdsmen and shepherds who were to wander over them. The great river-valley of the Nile foretold the civilization of Egypt. The indented coast of Greece foretold Hellenic culture. All nature looks forward to man, and foretells his coming and his destiny.

So nature around us, and reason within us, have been prophets since the world began. Reason, allied to nature, foresees evermore. Great inventors and great discoverers have in them this element especially, because their reason is fed by the knowledge of nature. In the Book of Samuel, we read that he who was afterward called a prophet, or foreteller, was originally called a seer—one who sees. Sight leads to foresight. He who sees well can easily foresee. Every great invention and discovery is a prophecy. Columbus foresaw America long before he set sail for it. Fulton foresaw his steamboat, and beheld it in vision sailing up the Hudson, against wind and tide, before the keel was laid. All great moral reformers are supported by the spirit of prophecy in their breasts. They rest secure on the eternal laws of God's government, and know certainly, that, because God reigns, the right must triumph. What would Luther have done, standing alone against all Christendom, attacking a Church which had governed Europe for a thousand years; which had its thousands of priests and bishops in all lands, before which kings and emperors trembled; which held in its hand the knowledge, the wealth, the power of Europe—how could he, a poor, lowly monk, venture on the audacity of attacking such an awful power, had not God in his heart given him to see that the eternal laws of truth and justice were on his side, and that, therefore, he must at least be conqueror; whispering to his heart that his friends—

"Were exaltations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind"?

All great souls, who have done any noble work in the world, have been supported by this divine power of prophecy within them. They have looked forward in hope, assured hope, to a future success, of which the present gave no signs. The true prophets of God have not been men of abstract thought or abstract piety; but they have been the real workers, the real moral and religious leaders and chiefs, who have lived by faith in a better future while doing the hard work of to-day.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Jewish prophets were merely or essentially foretellers of the future, or writers of books: they were the great reformers of their time—men who lived in the midst of strife. The first, and perhaps grandest, of them all, after Moses, Samuel, was at once an heroic ruler and general, and a wise statesman. He was the first who brought order out of anarchy. Till his time, the whole land was torn with petty guerilla warfare. Some such state of things prevailed as in Mexico now. A succession of leaders had arisen; but they brought no order out of chaos. The reason was, that they were mere fighters—captains, not prophets. "The word of the Lord," it is said, "was precious in these days: there was no open vision." The men of action were there, but not the men of deep religious thought, not the men of open vision. Then Samuel arose, a great statesman, a great commander, a great prophet, all in one; an awful, majestic figure, who has come down to us through all these intervening centuries, surrounded with a strange halo of mystery and grandeur. He first united the elements of action, moral conviction, and spiritual insight. He was the first of the long line of Hebrew prophets; all of whom, like him, were more men of action than of devotion. They fought against the evils of their hour. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and, greatest of them all, Elijah; they rebuked kings and people, and stood up for justice and humanity in the midst of an evil generation. What gave them this power? Not the belief of a creed, not any traditional religion. No; but the fresh and living sight of justice and truth with which God inspired their hearts. They saw the right: they did not merely believe in it. They saw God: they did not merely reason him out by a chain of argument. They were seers, therefore they could be doers; for no man can do any noble thing but the man who sees something nobler—even immortal and infinite truth.

This leads me to another point. The lowest kind of prophecy is sagacity, based on observation of outward laws. It is thus that

"Old experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain."

But this is only the lower kind of prophecy. The higher and better prophecy comes not from the region of the understanding, but from a deeper depth. The reason of man, indeed, as we have seen, has been a prophet since the world began. But God has had other, nobler, surer prophets of the future than the mere intellect. The conscience sees further than the understanding; the heart is wiser than the head. These, also, have been God's prophets since the world began.

Deep in the human breast, God has placed this solemn prophet, whom we name Conscience. He looks evermore at the eternal law of justice, deeper than any outward law:

"Which doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And (by which) the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong."

No man but hears its voice. It speaks to us of right that we ought to do, of wrong that we ought to resist. It foretells a judgment to come. It speaks of a sure retribution for all evil, sometime or other, somewhere or other. It is the sword of Damocles, hanging over the head of Louis Napoleon in the Tuileries. It scared Herod when he thought of John the Baptist. It makes the weakest man strong who is acting from conscience. It frightened the slaveholders, who held the whole power of the nation in their hands—Presidents, Congress, the Democratic party at the North, the whole bench of Judges—and made them wish to hurry out of the Union, so as to escape the conscience of New England; for they knew that this New England conscience was stronger than they all. In it they foresaw

"The vanward cloud of evil days,
With all their stored thunder, laboring up."

For conscience always speaks as one having authority. By the voice of Joan of Arc, from her burning scaffold, calling on Jesus, it frightened the soldiers into hysterics. It compelled Gov. Wise, looking on John Brown, to say that he was the bravest and most honest man he ever knew. From the prison of Jeremiah, its voice reached the ear of the King of Israel, and struck terror into his heart. From the cross of Christ, it seemed to darken the sky, and rend the graves and raise the dead. It may be that truth is forever on the scaffold, and wrong forever on the throne; but it is also true, that truth on the scaffold not only sways the future, but awes and terrifies the seemingly triumphant present. Almost before the ashes of Savonarola had been swept from the great square in Florence, Raphael was painting his serious face among the doctors of the Church in the frescoes of the Vatican.*

The human heart, also, has been one of God's prophets since the world began.

The heart, I just now said, has a deeper wisdom than the head. Its faith, its hope, and its love predict and assure a better future than the mere intellect can foresee. Every thing that is greatly good in the world has been accomplished by the power of faith, not resting on outward evidence, but in the inward evidence of the heart. How has Christianity triumphed? Not by its miracles. Our books teach us to believe in Christ because of his miracles; but who really believes in Christ because of his miracles? We believe in him because we love him. Love leads to knowledge. He "draws all men unto him." "His sheep hear his voice, and follow him." The head believes in God by means of argument: the heart sees him. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." The intellect reasons about immortality: the heart knows it. The intellect proves Christianity to be true. The heart of man, in all ages, feels the truth of that generous faith which brings God near to us as a Father; which reveals man as a brother; which restrains the tyrant, and breaks the fetters of the slave; which supports the head of the feeble and sick, and opens heaven to the dying eye.

Is it all an illusion—this grand hope, born out of love? Let us look at it. A desires a partner in business, and finds B. He exercises his best judgment in the selection; he takes advice, and asks references, and inquires into his antecedents: yet B often turns out, after all, not the man he thought him to be. But as long as two friends love each other, their love is a sure foundation for mutual trust. Love does not deceive. Love, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, is the one thing which *never faileth*. Nothing is so solid as love. It sometimes seems to be the only substantial thing there is in the universe. Perhaps it is so; for God is love, and God alone has real self-existing being. We live from him, as we receive his love into our souls.

Therefore is love also a true prophet. It foresees and foretells a better future. It looks through the darkness of the present—through pain, disappointment, trial, sorrow, bereavement, loneliness—and sees all things working together for good. The true optimism comes to us when we love. When we forget ourselves, and love others; when we forget our selfishness, and share in God's interest in mankind; when we throw ourselves into life, and follow Christ in his trust in God, his hope for man—then the heavens again smile. Then the day dawns peacefully, and the night closes serenely. Then we look through all anxiety, and see good beyond. Then, when we lay our beloved in the damp grave, we have a hope full of immortality in our hearts. Mortality is swallowed up of life. Our faith in God, is faith in good. Let the heathen rage, let the rebels succeed, let tyranny seem to triumph, let our hearts be wrung with bitterest disappointment and sorrow, we have within us a sure word of prophecy, to which we can continually resort till the day-dawn and the day-star arise in our hearts.

Such are some of the words which God speaks to the human race by the mouth of his holy prophets who have been since the world began. Not in Judæa alone, therefore, not in Palestine alone, are God's prophets found, but in all lands, and in all times, where the reason, the conscience, and the heart of man exist. These are always inspired to prophesy. The inspiration may be of a higher or a lower order; from that of Baalam, the son of Beor, to that of Jesus of Nazareth. But, differing in degree, it is one in nature: it is always the inspiration which flows from God into the soul which opens itself to him.

* "At Rome, Raphael was the first who undertook his apotheosis by placing him among the most illustrious doctors of the Church in the dispute on the Holy Sacrament. Ten years had then elapsed since the death of Savonarola. Pope Julius II., who was worthy of appreciating such a genius, had succeeded Alexander Borgia on the pontifical throne; and thus were terminated the scandals with which this infamous family had appalled Italy. The severe and despotic character of this pontiff will not allow us to suppose that Raphael would have ventured to place the portrait of Savonarola in one of the Stanze of the Vatican, unless the idea had been suggested to him by Julius himself, who, no doubt, preferred this kind of reparation, as affording the best guaranty for present publicity and future perpetuity."—Rio: *Poetry of Christian Art.*

* Extracted from the volume entitled "The Hour which cometh and now is," just published, by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am I—
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance,
And the strong tide of circumstance—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine—
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright—
O sweetly-mournful pine!

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good-by, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet?
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
Oh, give to strengthen me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND COMMON KNOWLEDGE.

[Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his essay on the *Genesis of Science*, has the following remarks:]

THERE has ever prevailed among men a vague notion that scientific knowledge differs in nature from ordinary knowledge. By the Greeks, with whom mathematics—literally *things learnt*—was alone considered as knowledge proper, the distinction must have been strongly felt; and it has ever since maintained itself in the general mind. Though, considering the contrast between the achievements of science and those of daily unmethodic thinking, it is not surprising that such a distinction has been assumed; yet it needs but to rise a little above the common point of view, to see that no such distinction can really exist—or that, at best, it is but a superficial distinction. The same faculties are employed in both cases, and in both cases their mode of operation is fundamentally the same.

If we say that science is organized knowledge, we are met by the truth that all knowledge is organized in a greater or less degree—that the commonest actions of the household and the field presuppose facts colligated, inferences drawn, results expected; and that the general success of these actions proves the data by which they were guided to have been correctly put together. If, again, we say that science is prevision, is a seeing beforehand—is a knowing in what times, places, combinations, or sequences specified phenomena will be found; we are yet obliged to confess that the definition includes much that is utterly foreign to science in its ordinary acceptation. For example, a child's knowledge of an apple. This as far as it goes consists in previsions. When a child sees a certain form and colors, it knows that if it puts out its hand it will have certain impressions of resistance and roundness and smoothness; and if it bites, a certain taste. And manifestly its general acquaintance with surrounding objects is of like nature—is made up of facts concerning them, so grouped as that any part of a group being perceived, the existence of the other facts included in it is foreseen.

If, once more, we say that science is *exact* prevision, we still fail to establish the supposed difference. Not only do we find that much of what we call science is not exact, and that some of it, as physiology, can never become exact; but we find further that many of the previsions constituting the common stock alike of wise and ignorant, *are* exact. That an unsupported body will fall; that a lighted candle will go out when immersed in water; that ice will melt when thrown on fire—these, and many like predictions relating to the familiar properties of things have as high a degree of accuracy as predictions are capable of. It is true that the results predicted are of a very general character; but it is none the less true that they are rigorously correct as far as they go; and this is all that is requisite to fulfil the definition. There is perfect accordance between the anticipated phenomena and the actual ones; and no more can be said of the highest achievements of the sciences specially characterised as exact.

Seeing thus that the assumed distinction between scientific knowledge and common knowledge is not logically justifiable; and yet feeling, as we must, that however impossible it may be to draw a line between them, the two are not practically identical; there arises the question—What is the relationship that exists between them? A partial answer to this question may be drawn from the illustrations just given. On reconsidering them, it will be observed that those portions of ordinary knowledge which are identical in character with scientific knowledge, comprehend only such combinations of phenomena as are directly cognizable by the senses, and are of simple, invariable nature. That the smoke from a fire which she is lighting will ascend, and that the fire will presently boil water, are previsions which the servant girl makes equally well with the most learned physicist; they are equally certain, equally exact with his; but they are previsions concerning phenomena in constant and direct relation—phenomena that follow visibly and immediately after their antecedents—phenomena of which the causation is neither remote nor obscure, phenomena which may be predicted by the simplest possible act of reasoning.

If now we pass to the previsions constituting what is commonly known as science—that an eclipse of the moon will happen at a specified time; and when a barometer is taken to the top of a mountain of known height the mercurial column will descend a stated number of inches; that the poles of a galvanic battery immersed in water will give off, the one an inflammable and the other an inflaming gas, in definite ratio—we perceive that the relations involved are not of a kind habitually presented to our senses; that they depend, some of them upon special combinations of causes; and that in some of them the connection between antecedents and consequents is established only by an elaborate series of inferences. The broad distinction, therefore, between the two orders of knowledge is not in their nature but in their remoteness from perception.

If we regard the cases in their most general aspect, we see that the laborer, who, on hearing certain notes in the adjacent hedge, can describe the particular form and colors of the bird making them; and the astronomer, who, having calculated a transit of Venus, can delineate the black spot entering upon the sun's disc, as it will appear through the telescope, at a specified hour, do essentially the same thing. Each one knows that on fulfilling the requisite conditions he shall have a preconceived impression—that after a definite series of actions will come a group of sensations of a foreknown kind. The difference, then, is not in the fundamental character of the mental acts; or in the correctness of the previsions accomplished by them; but in the complexity of the processes required to achieve the previsions. Much of our commonest knowledge is, as far as it goes, rigorously precise. Science does not increase this precision—cannot transcend it. What then does it do? It reduces other knowledge to the same degree of precision. That certainty which direct perception gives us respecting coexistences and sequences, of the most simplest and most accessible kind, science gives us respecting coexistences and sequences, complex in their dependencies or inaccessible to immediate observation. In brief, regarded from this point of view, science may be callled *an extension of the perceptions by means of reasoning.*

MAZZINI.

THE *Athenæum*, in reviewing the first volume of the Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini—autobiographical and political, just published, thus speaks of the Italian patriot:

"Signor Mazzini has been for years the best abused man in Europe. He has the misfortune to be a Republican; and, as if an illustration of Napoleon's remark, *that* seems quite enough to turn a great many other people into Cossacks, at the mere mention of his name. This, to some extent, was shown in our House of Commons lately, when a young, able and eloquent servant of the state made a hundred sudden foes by proclaiming himself Mazzini's friend. In the domain of politics, it too often happens that names and nicknames, words and watchwords, are accepted in place of facts, and it is so much easier to do a great deal of wrong on the surface of things than to penetrate to the real truth and ascertain the right which may underlie appearances. We should not dream of going to our House of Commons, enlightened as it is, for the true character of a man like Signor Mazzini. He will appear better in history than in life. Such a man's chance is greater in the literary than the political arena. We are somewhat calmer; we can afford to be fairer. We remember that a great Englishman named John Milton was a Republican. We know that another English Republican, Algernon Sidney, was a political exile. These men had no justice from politicians in their own day. They appealed to letters, and in literature their names became immortal. It is before a literary tribunal that Signor Mazzini now lays the facts of his public life.

"According to his enemies this man answers to the description of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' passing 'like night from land to land,' and laying hands on any enthusiastic youth he may meet; holding him with his glittering eye whilst he tells his strange story, and, at parting, placing a poisoned dagger in the hand of the youth, and pointing out the despot in whom the dagger is to find a sheath. He is an ominous thing of darkness, like the Miltonic eclipse, perplexing monarchs with fear of change—the red spectre of revolution—the stormy petrel that heralds the tempest, and shrieks for joy as the tide of destruction comes rising, rolling in. On the other hand, his friends tell you that he has been as the dawn of a better day for Italy. Around no modern name have opposing hosts rushed to battle with a fiercer zeal. Many are the martyrs who have gone to death proudly shouting this name coupled with that of their beloved Italy. All who have known the man in our country think nobly of him, and the better of Italy for Signor Mazzini's sake. In truth, we believe it was personal respect for him which kept alive hope and effort for his country when times were dark enough to make the English friends of Italy despair for the cause they had at heart. Some of those who had known Signor Mazzini best—and these are not French policemen but English gentlemen—are only too glad of an opportunity for testifying, with Mr. Carlyle, that the calumniated exile is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity and nobleness of mind.

"In our opinion it is not too great a thing to say that Signor Mazzini has done as much for the regeneration and unification of Italy as his more famous compeer, Gen. Garibaldi, although it is not so easy to sum his work. All the world can appreciate the man of action who does the great deed and sets it shining in the dazzle of a great renown. His victory is visible; we can see the work done. It is different with the man of thought, whose greatest labor is accomplished in the dark; who is compelled to work in secret, and keep himself as well as his doings out of sight. The man of thought spends himself in giving rootage to that new life which is destined to burst into full flower in the victories of a man of action like Garibaldi. The many can appreciate the glory of the flower, only the few think of the rootage taken in the dark. Yet Signor Mazzini is to the thinking few just what Gen. Garibaldi is to the unthinking many.

"Signor Mazzini was the first Italian of modern times who saw that his country had a great future of new life before her. He was one of the first to perceive that it was only sleep, not death, which kept his country in her grave-clothes—the first who had sufficient faith to believe that she would wake and rise erect and become a free nation. When most others despaired, or became sceptical, he had faith that under the ruins of the past, the weedy desolation of the present, there were springs of new life in the land. He felt, that however effete the upper classes might be, however helpless the *doctrinaires*, there was still something sound in the heart of the people; healthy blood enough to renew the whole body. He was the first man in whom the idea of Italian unity became incarnate. He saw and proclaimed the means of Italy's redemption, and devoted his life to the attainment of that end. Through years of suffering has he done desperate and determined battle for idea, given up friends and country and all the kindly comforts of home, clasping to his heart a duty which to most men would be drear and cold as a statue; fighting on from defeat to defeat, or sternly biding his time in forced and deliberate calm. For thirty years he was the banner-bearer and leader of the forlorn hope for the unity of Italy, before the flag waved out so triumphantly in the grasp of Garibaldi. The successful fighter comes to remodel a country and alter the map of Europe, but the exiled thinker marshalled the forces and even sketched the plans of attack. It was Mazzini's thought that leaped out in Garibaldi's deed; and it must have been a proud moment for the thinker when the victor came to say how much he owed to the lonely exile—making his way gently through the vast crowds that embraced him so lovingly, and, with the world's eyes on him he went to pay his tribute to Mazzini, own how much he owed to his teaching, and track the unity of Italy back to an almost forgotten source."

MILTON'S HOUSE IN BARBICAN.

THIS interesting relic of the poet Milton is now being taken down to make way for the extension of the Metropolitan Railway from the Victoria street station to Finsbury circus, and probably within the next few days will have altogether disappeared. Of late years such parts of the house as remained intact —namely, the study, the school-room, and the kitchen —have been used for mercantile purposes, and the part of it which faces Barbican has long been a dyer's shop. It is known as No. 17 in the street, and is situated a few paces from the north-east corner of Aldersgate-street, on the right hand, leading towards Finsbury square. It was here that Milton resided just prior to his becoming Latin secretary to Cromwell, and about the time of his reconciliation with his first wife, Mary Powell. He was then about thirty-seven years of age. "About this time (1645)," wrote Dr. Johnson in his memoir of the poet, "he had taken a large house in Barbican for the reception of scholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted a refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away, and the house again, said his nephew Philips, now looked like a house of the Muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great." The school-room and study were a good way back from the present line of the street, and were probably selected by Milton on that account, as he had previously chosen a house in Aldersgate street, as Johnson tells us, at the upper end of a passage, that he might avoid the noise. It is likely to have been a house situate in a garden, of which there were many handsome ones at that time in the parish of Cripplegate, in which it stood. All that remains of it now are detached portions of the oak panelling with which the schoolroom and study were lined, and remnants of latticed windows, the walls being nearly razed to the ground. In taking down the building a small coffin was found embedded in one of the walls, containing what is said to be the skeleton of a monkey in perfect preservation. By an agreeable coincidence, while the house of the poet of "Paradise Lost" is being destroyed in a utilitarian age, the venerable church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, hard by, in which his remains are interred, is undergoing a partial restoration. It is a very venerable and interesting fabric, being upwards of 750 years old, having been founded in 1090 by Alfrane, the first master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and dedicated to St. Giles, Abbot of Nimes, in France. Besides being the burial place of Milton, it has a historic interest as the church in which the marriage of Oliver Cromwell was solemnised, and in which the remains of Fox, the martyrologist, Speed, and many other worthies are interred. There, too, the burial of Defoe is registered, although he was not interred in the church or the adjacent cemetery, but in the neighbourhood. The original structure was at first small, but was at different times greatly enlarged, until at length, in 1545, it was casually destroyed by fire. The present edifice was then erected, and escaped the great fire of London in 1666. It is therefore among the oldest of the churches in the city of London, and is celebrated not more for the ashes of distinguished persons which repose within its walls as for itself, being a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, richly adorned with monuments and many memorials of antiquity, furnished with a peal of not less than fourteen of the finest bells, to which are attached a set of chimes, which play every third hour and vary every day. It has been recently decorated with some handsome stained glass windows, the gifts of old parishioners. In the adjacent cemetery are some fine remains of the old wall of London and part of an ancient bastion.

ONE DAY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I WILL not tell you when they met;
In the limpid days of Spring;
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing
And build with right good-will.

I will tell you when they parted:
When plenteous Autumn sheaves were brown,
Then they parted heavy-hearted;
The full rejoicing sun looked down,
As grand as in the days before;
Only they had lost a crown;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in paradise:
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
Forever, yesterday, to-day;
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer, "Yea."

—*MacMillan's Magazine.*

"BROKEN LIGHTS."

MISS FRANCES POWER COBB has long been known to American readers as the author of an excellent popular work on "Intuitive Morals"; and her introduction to an English edition of Theodore Parker's works (republished here by Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., under the title of "Religious Demands of the Age"), familiarized Liberal thinkers with the peculiarities of her thought and position. Messrs. Theodore Tilton & Co., have just republished "Broken Lights," another work from her pen quite as able as either of her former efforts, and upon a theme of pressing and vital interest.

Miss Cobb commences her work with a brief statement of the position of theological and ecclesiastical parties, especially with reference to the source of our knowledge respecting God, Morality, and the Immortality of the Soul. She finally classifies the various schools under two heads, viz.: Traditionalists and Rationalists—the former maintaining that most of our religious knowledge is derived through tradition from Supernatural Revelation; the latter holding that God's original revelation, in nature, and to conscience and reason, is the source of all religious truth. The traditionalists consider revelation the ark on which the salvation of humanity depends. The rationalists regard the religious sentiment the life-boat which alone can float triumphantly over the floods of doubt; and they would cut it loose from the sinking ship of tradition, entangled in which it might be submerged. Which of these conceptions is true? or, putting the question in another form, on which of these antagonistic ideas will the Church of the future be reared? This is the great and pressing question of our age; and Miss Cobb discusses it with signal ability and in a truly religious spirit.

The first part of "Broken Lights" deals with the Traditionalist solutions of the great problem. With vigorous, trenchant logic, and subtle analysis, Miss Cobb demonstrates the radical unsoundness of both the High Church and Low Church answers to the question proposed. She completely exposes the fallacies and unbraids the sophistical reasoning by which High and Low Churchmen support their claims. The position of the first Broad Church party, of which Kingsley and Maurice are representatives, is luminously stated, and their solution of the problem shown to be simply ignoring the problem altogether. But she thinks the second Broad Church party—the party of the "Reviews and Essays," of Jowett, and Stanley, and Williams—has approximately solved the problem. We know of no more appreciative and satisfactory account of the position, tendencies, and influence of this important wing of the English Church, than is given in "Broken Lights," though the author looks back and down upon its leaders as not yet having attained; they are pilgrims in the wilderness, somewhat overshadowed with the thick foliage of traditionalism and the historic associations that cluster about it though they are on the right road out of it, and already begin to see the open plain and sunlight of pure reason. Some of the parties out of the Establishment she disposes of in a very summary manner. The Unitarians, "the vanguard sect," "display the tendencies of the times," whatever they may be. "The old Unitarians have done their work," and "can have no further influence on the age." It remains to be seen how far the new school of Unitarians will form a nucleus round which all the more advanced thought of the time may gather. Their chief error consists in calling Christ their *moral* Lord. Like Theodore Parker, they should worship God as their only moral Master, teach the moral as well as the natural unity of the Deity, not obtrude the name of Christ in their prayers, and adopt the most advanced views concerning the limitations of Scripture inspiration; but having progressed so far, they will be beyond the pale of traditionalism altogether.

In an appendix of eighteen pages Miss Cobb gives a succinct but admirable account of Bishop Colenso and his work, which she deems a very important one; and in an elaborate and glowing review of Renan's "Life of Jesus," she favors us with her ideas of "the greatest soul of his time, as of all time"—"the man who best fulfilled all the conditions under which God grants His inspiration." "It was not by any accidental synchronism of a corrupted and falling civilization, with the appearance of a specially gifted Thaumaturgos, that the greatest moral revolution was accomplished, but rather by the providential mission, in the fullness of time, of that holiest soul, whose fire was able to kindle in the hearts of men a flame which shall never be extinguished." "The spiritual greatness of Christ is the necessary postulate for the whole rationalistic theory of religion.

In the second part of her work Miss Cobb presents the radical rationalistic solution of the problem. Theism is the predestined faith of the future, and theism is both theoretical and practical. Theoretic theism is belief in one personal, infinite, perfect God, who sustains immediate and vital relations to all souls; in the moral consciousness of man, and its ability to discover and know religious truth; in moral laws, and the immortality of the soul. Practical theism is the embodiment of this belief in spirit and life. But theists generally stop with theory. When a man leaves Christianity, he is very apt to leave a good deal else behind, and forget to pray. But theists should be fervent in their devotions, should enjoy spiritual moods and exercises, and excel in moral obedience and philanthropic endeavors. This part of the work is written in a devout spirit, and is full of noble sentiments, though far less able, vigorous, and acute than part first.

It will be seen by this brief sketch that our author traverses the entire field of modern theological controversy, passing in review the most important questions respecting the most important themes. Her work is so able, the problems which it discusses are so important, to say nothing of the theory it eloquently and piously advocates, that it deserves a careful reading and thoughtful study. We have neither the time nor the space, at present, even to criticize the book, much less to consider the many interesting topics which it suggests. We will say, however, that the work seems to us too rapid and cursory; its treatment of the very greatest and profoundest themes is altogether inadequate to their importance and complexity. Many essential questions are dismissed without discussion; important considerations are discharged with the wave of a metaphor; and all demands are silenced with a delphic *It is so.* It takes the reader clean over the ground in an aircar, as it were, giving him an admirable bird's-eye view of the vast field, touching upon a few of the most prominent points on the way, but sailing so high above the ordinary beat of travellers that objects of principal interest and importance upon the route seem but mere patches of color, if they are seen at all.—*Christian Inquirer.*

SECOND-HAND WIGS.—What became of the old wigs in former days? asks a writer in *Once a Week.* These of course fell from their high estates, were worn threadbare and ragged, fell into holes, were cast off as fashions changed. Yet there was a market for old wigs as for other abandoned garments. There were regular dealers in Rag Fair, as well as peripatetic merchants who called out "Old Wigs! Old Wigs!" in every street and at every door, as persistently as the better known "Old Clo'!" purchasers, who still remain, and will probably flourish till the end of time. There was a ready market for second-hand wigs; seafaring gentlemen and others much exposed to weather, were often heard to exclaim, "Well, the Winter's coming on; I must go to Rosemary-lane and have a 'dip for a wig.'" This "dipping for wigs" was a simple and primitive sort of art. You paid a shilling, and, in the dark, thrust your hand into a barrel full of wigs, and pulled out one. It was a lottery. If you obtained a wig to your fancy, well and good; if not, you paid sixpence more and took another dip; and so on, sixpence each dip, after the first, until you were suited.

AMERICAN STUDENTS ABROAD.

WE learn from an Exchange that Miss Helen Morton, of Plymouth, was lately graduated at a School of Medicine in Paris—*l'Hospital de la Maternite*—receiving the highest honors in a class of eighty.

By award of the "Jury" Miss Morton was chosen to read the *Valedictory Address;* and the "First Prize"—a gold medal—was presented her, with due ceremony, by *Monsieur le Directeur de tous les hospitaux de Paris.*

Four other prizes fell to her also—books and four silver medals, viz.: the "prize of Vaccination (two medals and books), a prize in Botany; prize for Deportment (medal), and medal-prize for "Observations in Medicine."

Students abroad find themselves, of course, a whole language behind their competitors, at the start, and lectures, at first, a mere jargon. Miss Morton entered the school at Paris after receiving her Degree at the *New England Female Medical College* in this city, where she had the good fortune to be a hospital student with the accomplished Dr. Marie Zakrzewska. She is now selected, it seems, from the graduates, to remain in Paris as "First Aide" to Madame Alliot,—the distinguished and able head of the Institution above alluded to.

Miss Lucy Sewell, daughter of Hon. Samuel E. Sewell